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AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ABOUT MONEY.

U. S. "I referred to those fellows up there when I said, 'What have we to do with abroad?'—not first-class powers like you."

"We have descended from the rank of a four per cent. borrower to that of a six or seven per cent. borrower. That is, we have passed from the class composed of Great Britain, Germany, France, and Holland, into that composed of Spain, Italy, Greece, Austria, Turkey, and the South American States. We are, in short, now among the repudiators and defaulters."—*Nation.*

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SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine engraving, entitled "La Châtelaine," and several sketches apropos of the Caffre War.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A LOOK TOWARD THE ELECTIONS.

WE said last week that the hostility of Republican Senators to the Administration had produced no other result than a dangerous division in the party. It is a division which is certainly ill-timed, but which we presume to have been unavoidable. The political situation, however, demands attentive consideration. The Democrats already hold the House, and within a short time they will control the Senate. They have serious differences among themselves, but the fact that the Republicans seem to them hopelessly divided will bind the Democrats closely together for the coming elections. The consequences of complete Democratic ascendency, therefore, are worth studying by every man who desires the honorable and peaceful progress of the country. He must look at the two forces, and determine upon general principles which will most probably promote that progress if it be allowed free course. In the first place, there is the financial question. The revelations of the year have conclusively shown, notwithstanding Republican unsoundness, that the probability of expansion, of repudiation, and of general financial recklessness and disaster is very much greater under a complete Democratic than under Republican ascendency. The communistic spirit, the jealousy of capital as such, the blind hatred of property, the passions that inflame what are called the dangerous classes, are all infinitely stronger upon the Democratic than upon the Republican side, and Democratic success would enormously stimulate them. The leaders and orators and organs which now pander to this ignorance and passion would then be driven by them. It is hardly possible that any unbiassed student of public affairs and of party tendencies in this country can suppose that the public faith and sound finance would be as safe under Democratic as under Republican auspices. Mr. BAYARD, indeed, and Mr. LAMAR were conspicuous for the ability and the courage with which they maintained the truest principles, but their isolation in their own party was not less conspicuous. Nor are we asserting that the Republican party as a party held the true faith, for notoriously there were eminent Republicans who betrayed it. We are looking at probabilities, and nothing is plainer than that the chances of the most dangerous and disastrous financial action would be incalculably greater under an entire Democratic Administration.

Another serious question is that of the Presidential title. It was determined by the highest tribunal, and its legal settlement was one of the great patriotic triumphs of our history. Many of the chief Democratic leaders have taken care to say in the most emphatic manner that the settlement was conclusive, and can not be honorably disturbed. It will even be assumed by many persons that, with the existing Democratic feeling for the President, especially in the Southern States, the possible effort to question the title is a mere bugaboo, unworthy of serious attention. But it will not be denied that a determined attempt to open the matter by the action of Congress would be a movement that must necessarily paralyze the confidence and destroy the repose that are indispensable to returning prosperity. It would at once arouse and exasperate all the bitter passions of the winter of 1876–77, and might easily lead to mischiefs of the most deplorable kind. It is known that such a movement has been already under serious consideration; and finding themselves in complete possession of Congress, and counting upon the indifference or even negative co-operation of the more violent Republican Congressional opponents of the President, the Democrats might not improbably seize some occasion to grasp the whole plunder of the patronage. The sole chance of such an attempt and of the dangerous confusion that would follow lies in Democratic ascendency. The sure way to prevent any disturbance whatever is to show the country to be still strongly Republican. The same argument applies to the question of Southern claims. It is not necessary to suppose a distinct and matured scheme of robbing the Treasury for this purpose. But it is obvious that there is some fire under all the smoke of the talk upon the subject, and the one way to put an end to the question satisfactorily is to retain Republican control of the national purse.

If these things be so, it is evident that the convictions and purposes which, with whatever personal quarrelling, are known in political organization as the Republican party, are the wise, patriotic, and truly conservative forces in the present situation, and that unity of action among those who believe alike upon these points is not only desirable but indispensable to success. This unity, however, is impracticable so long as Congressional Republican leaders propose no other policy than contemptuous criticism of what the President has done, and impotent demands that he shall surrender his view of his duty to theirs. The Southern question, for instance, is settled. What is gained for Republican unity by insisting and reiterating that it should have been settled differently, and by vehemently declaring that if Mr. PACKARD is not the lawful Governor of Louisiana, Mr. HAYES is not the lawful President? The President took a different view, and his course, in the judgment of many most patriotic Republicans, was both intrinsically wise and inevitable. Do discontented Republican Senators expect to carry the Congressional elections of this year by angrily repeating that Mr. PACKARD ought to have been recognized as Governor in Louisiana, and that Mr. SCHURZ was born in Prussia and has not "succeeded" in life? The principles and tendencies of a party may be the best in the world, but if they are to be betrayed and baffled by such leadership as this, who will care to vote for them?

So in regard to appointments. The President holds it to be his duty to decline Congressional dictation, but as a rule his appointments have been Republican. He gave fair notice of his course, founded as it is upon his conviction of duty. If Republican Senators and Representatives sulk and sneer and oppose because he does not allow them to make appointments, is party unity likely to be promoted? On the other hand, if he should try to buy harmony by betraying what he believes to be his duty, a most important part of the party would be alienated. With him it is a principle that in this matter the Executive should be free from Congressional dictation; with Congress it is a desire to control the patronage. The President may have been unskillful in his methods of freeing himself from illegitimate constraint, but to make that constraint a condition of party unity is deliberately to sacrifice the party.

To those who ask whether there is no ground of common Republican understanding on which to contest the elections, we reply, Yes, there is a ground, but it will not be found in an attempt to make men who radically differ on vital questions act as if they agreed. The Republican platform must be something else than a vague impression that Republicanism is better than Democracy. It must be something else, also, than a summons "to stand by the grand old party." The party must, indeed, satisfy independent and honest men that it is worth standing by to-day as it was fourteen and eighteen years ago. It will be dangerous to rely upon the feeling that it is no worse than the Democratic party, or, in Mr. EVART's old phrase, that a horse lame in two legs is better than a horse lame in three. If Republicans can not agree upon distinct financial principles and policies, if they can not agree upon silence in regard to settled issues, if they can not agree to defend without slur or equivocation the Presidential title, if they can not agree upon Executive independence of Congressional control in appointments, do they think to elect the next House by declarations that Mr. HAMPTON ought not to be Governor of South Carolina, that the President has ruined the party in the Southern States, that his cabinet is a political chameleon, that his civil service reform is a fraud, and that his veto of the Silver Bill was beneath notice? This is all that discontented Republican Congressional speaking and voting have thus far supplied toward a platform for the autumn elections. As for "the grand old Republican principles," we thought that they were honest maintenance of the national faith, an honest seeking of national harmony, and an honest endeavor for administrative reform. And of these truly Republican principles the President is a much more conspicuous advocate than any of his Republican opponents.

MISCONCEPTIONS OF REFORM.

A COMMUNICATION in the Cincinnati *Commercial* signed "W. M. D.," and therefore well worth attention, pleads earnestly against the writer's understanding of "civil service reform." The objections it urges are not new to those who have carefully considered the subject, but they are gravely and sincerely stated. If we truly apprehend the purpose of the article, it is to protest against the rupture of the Republican party upon this question. Its concluding words are: "Shall the controversy about the mode of appointment to office break up a great party and imperil the peace of the country?" The answer is that the mode of appointment is not, as the question implies, a trivial matter. It is, on the contrary, itself the question of the continued peace of the country. The article admits that the lawful and peaceable settlement of last year was the proudest event in our history. Why? Because it avoided civil war. But why was there danger of civil war? Because the enormous patronage of the government depended on the issue of the election. Such a situation inevitably stimulates fraud and violence, bulldozing and falsifying, of every kind. It brings into play the strongest passions of selfishness and pride, and furnishes the most resistless temptation to factious usurpation and to civil convulsion. The writer of the article of which we are speaking involuntarily concedes the danger:

> "It may be that the public peace is involved in the political complexion of the next House of Representatives. A majority vote created the Commission that fixed the President's title; a bare majority, with the approval of President TILDEN, may unsettle it. When we see the Legislature of the great State of Ohio giving most of its time to upsetting municipal governments for the mere purpose of creating official vacancies to be filled by Democrats, can we expect that a Democratic Congressional majority will long withstand the concentrated assault of the hungry office-seekers of the whole nation?"

There could not be a stronger statement of the inevitable practical tendency of a system which makes every little post and clerkship in the civil service the spoils of victory at an election. It is a system which makes every general election tear up the stability and the peace of the country by the roots, and inflames every mean and selfish passion. It is the great and constantly increasing peril of the country. Our present system keeps this danger at its highest point. To reduce it to its lowest is the aim of civil service reform, which therefore appeals especially to patriotism and common-sense. The argument of the communication is that the advocacy of the reform tends to depreciate politics and politicians; that in a country of popular government this is a fatal mistake; that there must be a due career opened to political ambition; that rotation in office does not necessarily produce inefficiency; that a military system would work injuriously if applied to the civil service; and the idea is advanced or intimated that circumstances in this country have made a "political priesthood" useful if not necessary, and that if it were not composed of the office-holders it might be a very much more irresponsible body.

These considerations, however, imply many things which can not be admitted. For instance, they imply that the pursuit of the mere plunder of the minor offices is at present a movement of political ambition, and further, that a reform would rob legitimate political ambition of its just rewards. But it is not so in either case. The just prizes of a legitimate ambition would remain, while rotation is palpably unjust unless so contrived as that every claimant can share the advantage which he has earned equally with every other. Our author speaks of "a reasonable rotation." Now the system which he thinks peculiarly American was fully introduced about fifty years ago. It is, he contends, a system that tends to remove the danger of the outs making a revolution to turn out the ins. But his last paragraph is the answer. The "hungry office-seekers," even under the present system of rotation, can not wait for the proper division of spoils; and if the evil he apprehends should occur, and an effort be made to set aside the national Administration, it would be due solely to the very system that he thinks prevents the danger. Rotation depending upon influence can not be made reasonable.

The object of reform is not—as he assumes that it must be—"artistic administration." Nor would it restrict the service to college-bred men. How many college-bred men would be likely to prove fit appraisers of merchandise? Yet we do not believe that W. M. D. would hold that, if a man had the special knowledge, his general education would be a disadvantage. Nor would the military system be further applied than it is always applied to other business which is not military. There are certain principles of method derived from experience which may be wisely applied in every great working organization, whether military, or civil, or mercantile. Such are a reasonable system of appointment and of promotion, and a reasonable tenure, no tenure being reasonable which keeps the incumbent more intent upon holding his place than upon doing his duty. The state is imperilled, he thinks, "because of the political absenteeism of the educated and the suffrage of the illiterate." But the system that he advocates destroys the desire and the ambition of the educated by making political success depend wholly upon obedience to "the political priesthood" of office-holders, who control illicitly the ignorant suffrage. Certainly the system which has expelled them from politics is not likely to recall them, now that it has grown more absolute. We protest most earnestly against the assumption that pervades the article in question that intelligent order and a reasonable method in the details of Executive administration are in some mysterious way un-American and hostile to the American spirit. If the American spirit does not encourage and American common-sense organize a system of the public service which reduces to the lowest point the proved dangers of the existing system—dangers which are more political than economical—if our general election is to become, with the approval of wise and patriotic citizens, a mere mutual "assault of the hungry office-seekers of the whole nation," it will not be because the American spirit inspires us, but because its counterfeit has gained the mastery.

CHANCES OF WAR IN EUROPE.

THE news from Europe is very grave. The possibility of a war, which must be general if it begins, is the possibility of a catastrophe which no sensible man can regard unmoved. The enormous increase of the destructible forces of war, and the participation of all Central Europe, with the vagueness of the issues involved, make the prospect painful in every point of view. The most discouraging fact in the survey is the known warlike determination of Lord BEACONSFIELD. He is the most salient representative of the feeling that has long prevailed in the Tory party, that the loss of the British prestige in Europe is due to the peace policy of the Liberals, which exposes England to contempt as a Manchester spinner and shop-keeper. This party has long felt that nothing but a vigorous part in a great war would restore the waning renown of the country of Lord CHATHAM. It is a feeling fostered by a class which is more insular than cosmopolitan, and DISRAELI has steadily sought to array this insularity, under the name of patriotism, against a humane and pacific spirit of wise accommodation, which he ridicules as cosmopolitanism and not a genuine British loyalty. The Tory party has inflamed the mob against Russia, and the mob in England is a powerful agent. The crisis might have been avoided easily by the British Government had it chosen, but it preferred to await the chance of war.

On the other hand, if the Russian action were to be wholly controlled by the Government, there would be no war, probably, because Russia would not go so far without the assured passivity of Germany and Austria, in which case England alone could do her little harm. The result seems, therefore, to depend upon the position of Central Europe. But if Russia can satisfy Austria and Germany, it must be because she offers conditions that ought also to satisfy England. Russia, of course, can not expect to command the mouths of the Danube, and occupy its great basin, and hold Constantinople and the Dardanelles. That would be an aggrandizement which would overshadow Europe, and would not be permitted. On the other hand, if Russia is to make great advances, she could not oppose the occupation of Egypt by England, and might not object to the extension of Germany over Denmark. This would leave out France and Austria. But France has but one purpose—to settle her quarrel with Germany; while Austria, without a national bond, a mere conglomeration of provinces, is inevitably the next "sick man."

But popular feeling may master diplomacy. There is a deep and universal movement of the Russian people that compelled the Czar to the war against Turkey, and may prevent his yielding to a wise and pacific solution of the present emergency. The demand that Russia shall not be content with less than Turkey was forced to yield at San Stefano may determine the issue, and drive the Czar to war against his own judgment. His proposition to the powers certainly does not seem to be unreasonable. He will lay every thing before them without reserve, and any

thing that they can show him to be really a European question he will willingly discuss. To submit the entire treaty unconditionally to their revision, to emerge victorious from a costly and tremendous war, and leave to them to decide if he should reap from it any advantage whatever, is a proposition to which only a conquered power would assent. The English note upon the situation is dignified and suggestive, but the arguments should have been submitted to the Congress rather than advanced as reasons for not attending it. If, indeed, the true interpretation of Prince Gortchakoff's note be, as Lord Salisbury says, that none of these points would have been open to discussion, the Congress might have been useless. But that interpretation does not seem to be necessary. Had the powers assembled, none of them, of course, very friendly to Russian aggrandizement, and had they collectively declared that certain stipulations were inadmissible as compromising European interests, Russia would have been brought face to face with the alternative of modification or of fighting united Europe. The refusal to enter the Congress seems to us another of the serious blunders that England has committed from the beginning—blunders, that is to say, if she really wishes to avoid war, but wise measures if she wishes to make it unavoidable. We shall still hope that peaceful counsels may prevail, and Europe be spared the calamity that now plainly impends.

A PARTY CRY.

We speak elsewhere of an agitation of the President's trial as a disturbance that may possibly be expected should the Democrats obtain complete control of the government. Many Democrats—and they are the best men in the party—would undoubtedly deprecate it; others, the more uncertain members, would show all the zeal of proselytes. Mr. Bayard and those whom he represents would unquestionably discountenance all movements tending to keep the country angry and vexed over a settled question, while Mr. Montgomery Blair and the malignants might be expected to be very earnest and persistent in fostering such an excitement. The probability of the effort, however, does not depend upon its wisdom. The country needs, above all things, confidence and repose to enable industry to resume its activity, and enterprise to begin its undertakings. But this would be the last consideration with this kind of agitator. Indeed, Mr. Blair is reported to have said that the re-opening of the question is the very thing to revive industry and secure prosperity, provided the President were turned out, although nothing is more apparent than that there is not the slightest popular interest in the question, and that it is kept alive at all only as a party cry.

We do not mean that there is no interest in the question of avoiding a recurrence of the conditions that led to the situation of last year. There is, indeed, no deeper and stronger desire upon the part of the best men of all parties than that there shall be a judicious constitutional amendment which will replace the present perilous, because indeterminate, electoral provision. What we do mean is that there is no general conviction that Mr. Tilden was honestly elected, for while there may be little doubt that there were Republican frauds, there is a very positive conviction that there was Democratic violence, and that therefore there is and can be no better and wiser solution of the difficulty than that which was provided by the Electoral Commission. This is undoubtedly the conclusion of fair men upon both sides, and they have no wish to re-open the controversy. This conclusion is the more acceptable to such men on the Democratic side because they see that the President has pursued in many respects the course which they believed to be constitutional, and which they had not anticipated from any but a Democratic President. And to the same kind of men on the Republican side, because the President's course in such matters seems to them to have been not only the sole practicable course, but one which was in itself the policy of true constitutional statesmanship. Undoubtedly the intelligent and patriotic judgment of the country is strongly opposed to further agitation of the subject.

But the country knows the force of party spirit. It is the settled policy of the Democratic party, as shown in every State Convention of the last year, to denounce what is called the fraud, and to declare that Mr. Tilden was rightfully elected. Many who join in the denunciation mean nothing more than to use it as a cry for 1880. But tenacious insistence that if Mr. Tilden was rightfully elected there is a lawful way of giving practical effect to the election can be made to result in action, as the course of the Blair resolution in the Maryland Legislature shows, and those who vociferously reiterate the party cry that the President has no right to his seat will hardly make a very forcible resistance to the party demand that he be legally ousted. Unless, therefore, there be some sign of efficient Democratic determination that the agitation shall not be renewed, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the Democrats who wish no disturbance are yet disposed to leave all activity in the matter to Mr. Blair and his abettors until a party momentum may arise which the wiser Democrats certainly can not command. This of itself would naturally draw the true Republican line closer together, although the more furious Republican opponents of the Administration would doubtless play into the hands of the disorganizing Democrats. From the point of view of patriotism and principle, there is nothing more dishonorable and contemptible than the proposition to re-open the agitation, while as party "business" it is the chief of blunders. Nothing would so surely reknit the fibres of the Republican party as the conviction that a serious effort would be made to unseat the President.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.

It is very amusing to reflect that the present Democratic Congress was elected under a cry of reform, just as the Cronin business shed a most ridiculous glory upon the "reform" candidate. It was urged, not without plausibility, that long possession of power had demoralized and corrupted the Republican party, that no party could reform itself, and that to secure wholesome and necessary reforms a change of hands was indispensable. It was added that the Democratic candidate was by distinction a reformer—an argument which was the more effective as he was wholly a local politician, and the details of his political career could not be familiar to the country. This plea was undoubtedly the strong argument of the Democratic side, supported as it was by so much in Republican administration that hosts of Republicans did not approve. There was a large and dangerous element of indifference which rather inclined to the opinion that the Democratic party could not do much harm, and that it was wise to give it a chance. These were by no means the only influences that affected the result, but they were among the most important.

The Democratic party carried the House of Representatives. It is, therefore, by the usual rule, responsible for its action. Has it reformed any thing? Has it exposed any thing in the conduct of the present Administration especially requiring reform? Are its recognized leaders men who are in any manner identified with reform? Has it justified any reasonable expectation that if the same party influence controlled every branch of the government, great and general reforms would follow? Has any body ever doubted that the Democratic party demand for reform in the civil service meant only turning out Republicans and turning in Democrats? And is not the ridiculous episode of the Democratic door-keeping of the House, both by the "biger man than old Grant" and by the present incumbent, a perfectly characteristic illustration of the hollow absurdity of representing the party as a reform party? When the plain statement of the outrageous abuses of the present incumbent were made to the House, a majority of his party friends voted to screen him, just as they voted to seat Mr. Dean in the place of Mr. Field, who was incontestably elected.

There may be good reasons for desiring a change to Democratic hands, although we do not know them, but certainly the chance of reform is not among them. The result on both sides, so far as reform is concerned, shows, indeed, the folly of platforms. They manage the thing better in England. There the parties do not put forth elaborate professions, and they are judged by their general character, tradition, and performance. This, indeed, is greatly true in this country also, but we go through the form of solemn public promises, for which no one in particular is responsible, and which are contemptuously disregarded when the party obtains power. It is very doubtful if a platform ever changes a vote, except so far as it shows the managers' estimate of the drift of public opinion. And in this respect the Republicans of Rhode Island are very wise. They made no platform, renominated their State officers, and have re-elected them by five or six times the majority of last year. The electors testified by their votes that they preferred to have the administration of public affairs in Republican hands. Experience has taught us that this is all the party meaning of any election, and other Conventions would do wisely if they followed the action of Rhode Island, and refrained from promising what nobody can be held to perform.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Sidney Brooks, who died a few days since in Boston, was a very cultivated as well as very opulent man. He was especially familiar with the military and naval history of all countries. After making several special bequests to relatives, he leaves the remainder of his estate, worth some millions, to be equally divided between his nephews Thomas B. Frothingham, Octavius B. Frothingham, Edward Frothingham, Ward B. Frothingham, Henry Sidney Everett, William Everett, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams, Jun., Henry Brooks Adams, and Peter C. Brooks Adams, and his nieces Ann G. Hubbard, Ellen Frothingham, Mrs. Henry A. Wise, and Mrs. Edward Everett (widow of his nephew Edward Everett, Jun.).

—The withdrawal of the Earl of Derby from the British cabinet is attributed mainly to the influence of the Countess of Derby over her husband, the London *Week* saying that "the alliance of Lady Derby with Madame Ignatieff has been as much discussed in every European capital as Bismarck's speech."

—The Duke of Sutherland, who owns a million acres of land in Scotland, has obtained leave, his heir consenting, to disentail his estates in that country. They have been in the family five or six centuries.

—King Humbert has just founded two annual premiums of $2000 each for the best essay or discovery made by a member of the Academy of the Lincei—a society composed of the principal men of Italy. It has corresponding members, of whom Mr. Bancroft is one. It was founded several hundred years ago by Frederick Cesi, a friend of Galileo, and has a long and interesting history. The King is a member, and takes a warm interest in its prosperity. One of the King's premiums will be awarded to the best original production in physical science and mathematics, the other to the most important scientific discovery made by a member of the Academy, or the best essay on morals, history, or philology.

—The late Silas Wright is thus alluded to in Peter Harvey's *Biography of Daniel Webster:* Of Silas Wright Mr. Webster had a very poor opinion. "He is the most overrated man," said he, "I have ever met. He is oracular, wise-looking, taciturn, and cunning as a fox. He is the most inferior man in debate that ever sat in the Senate. You have seen boys at school who would contrive in some way to skip the hard spelling. He always skipped the hard places. His arguments, besides being weak and fallacious, were always evasive. He would try to make the crowd think he had answered when he had not touched the point. In my judgment he was a very small man—a mere politician, and no statesman." Quite the contrary was the opinion of Mr. Wright's abilities entertained by Henry Clay, who once remarked to a friend of the writer of this paragraph: "I regard Mr. Wright as one of the ablest men in the Senate—capable of discussing a third-rate point of order or a declaration of war in a manner that would command the attention of every member of the Senate."

—The London correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says that Minister Welsh is now settled in permanent quarters at No. 37 Queen's Gate, and that his easy, affable manners enable him to make friends in all circles. "As is usually the case with any American of note or means, he has been visited by the numerous army of his impecunious countrymen who make a practice of imposing upon new-comers, but he has apparently escaped from their clutches with much less loss than might have been expected, for they are among the most ingenious and talented class of dead-beats that I have ever seen—and I have been in St. Louis too."

—Sir Garnet Wolseley, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, gives it as his conviction that France has now no reason to dread any German invasion, and that within a few years her army will be the equal of any in Europe, unless it is turned into a mere political machine.

—It is singular that Buckle, in his work on *Civilization*, names only two men of all who have lived in America who were absolutely great —Jonathan Edwards and Jefferson. Why he omitted G. W. is unaccountable. Jefferson's grave is utterly desolate, and the graves of his relatives are made up of the *débris* of broken slabs; but worst of all was the grave of Jefferson. In one of his private drawers, after death, were found souvenirs of his family and some epitaphs, as well as a pen-and-ink sketch of a monument over his own grave. It was to be an obelisk of granite, eight feet high, and bear this inscription:

Here was buried
Thomas Jefferson,
Author of the Declaration of Independence,
of the State of Virginia.
For Religious Freedom and the Father of the
University of Virginia.

The inscription for the base was:

Born—April 2, 1743, O. S.
Died—July 4, 1826.

The inscription is entirely gone, and the obelisk a broken, disgraceful ruin, and all the surroundings utterly neglected.

—Senator Lamar, of Mississippi, sent this toast to be read at a meeting of Irishmen in Atlanta, Georgia, on St. Patrick's Day: "The typical Irishman: his home—the world; his friends—all the peoples; his faith—his own. No clime to him so cold as will not produce a shamrock, no soil so barren as will not grow a shillalah. Foremost at a fight, a frolic, or a funeral, his generous nature finds a blow for the bad, a smile for the glad, or a tear for the sad."

—In Mr. Harvey's biography of Daniel Webster an account is given of an interview between Mr. Webster and Thomas Jefferson, in which Mr. Webster notes his impression of Jefferson, and gives Jefferson's opinion of Patrick Henry. "Mr. Jefferson," says Mr. Webster, "looked to me very different from any ideal that I had formed of him. He was a tall, gaunt, light-haired man, and not a man of impressive aspect. Among his strong characteristics was a great dislike for Patrick Henry. He conversed freely about Henry, and spoke of his being a very illiterate man. He pretended to be a lawyer, but he was a mere pettifogger; a man of talent, a great declaimer, a splendid orator, but not profound. For such a state of things as existed at the breaking out of the Revolution he was the sort of person who would make a successful denunciatory speaker; but if he had lived in a quiet time, he would have passed along without being observed by any body, because he was ignorant and uneducated, coarse and very lazy. He had no habits of industry. Mr. Jefferson told me he did not believe that Henry ever read three law-books' in his life, and yet on jury trials he was quite a famous man."

—Mr. Thomas A. Edison, whose name is just now on the lips of so many people who have had their lips on his wonderful telephone, is an American, and about thirty-one years old. His life has been full of adventure. Deprived of the benefits of a school, he studied at home, and at the age of eleven he was pretty well versed in chemistry and other branches of knowledge. Then he became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, between Detroit and Port Huron, and while attending to his duties in that capacity was constantly reading and investigating, and at odd hours, in the Detroit *Free Press* office, then owned by Mr. Storey, now proprietor of the Chicago *Times*, he learned to set type. He erected a "case" in the baggage-car of his train, and with a small supply of type which he had gathered together did the composition for a little paper which he published, and which soon attained a circulation of 500 copies. Edison subsequently fixed up a sort of laboratory in the smoking-car, and laid the foundation for the justly earned reputation which he has to-day of being one of the best chemists in the country. About this time Edison, at the risk of his own life, saved the child of a telegraph operator named M'Kinsey from being run over by an engine. M'Kinsey wanted to reward the boy, but being poor, he could only repay him by teaching him telegraphy. In six months Edison was an expert operator, and now has no superior in the business. Mr. Edison has secured patents in the United States for 112 of his inventions, and is now applying for thirty additional patents.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: Representative Stephens, of Georgia, introduced a bill, on the 29th ult., to promote the general use of the metric system.—On the 1st inst., the Senate Committee on Railroads reported a bill to extend the time for completing the Northern Pacific Railroad eight years. In the House, Mr. Stephens introduced a bill to facilitate resumption. Mr. Harrison introduced a bill to create a Department of Civil Service, to consist of five commissioners to be appointed by the President. The Senate rejected the nominations of Alexander Reed to be postmaster at Toledo, and Mr. Reynolds, of Alabama, to be First Auditor of the Treasury.—The House, on the 2d, passed the joint resolution authorizing the expenditure of $36,000 toward strengthening the foundation of the Washington Monument.—On the 3d, the Naval Appropriation Bill, with amendments, was reported in the Senate, and the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill in the House.—The House, on the 4th, passed a resolution removing Doorkeeper Polk.

The Rhode Island State election, held on the 3d inst., resulted in the re-election of Governor Van Zandt, Republican, by a majority of nearly 3200. The Legislature is largely Republican.

FOREIGN NEWS.

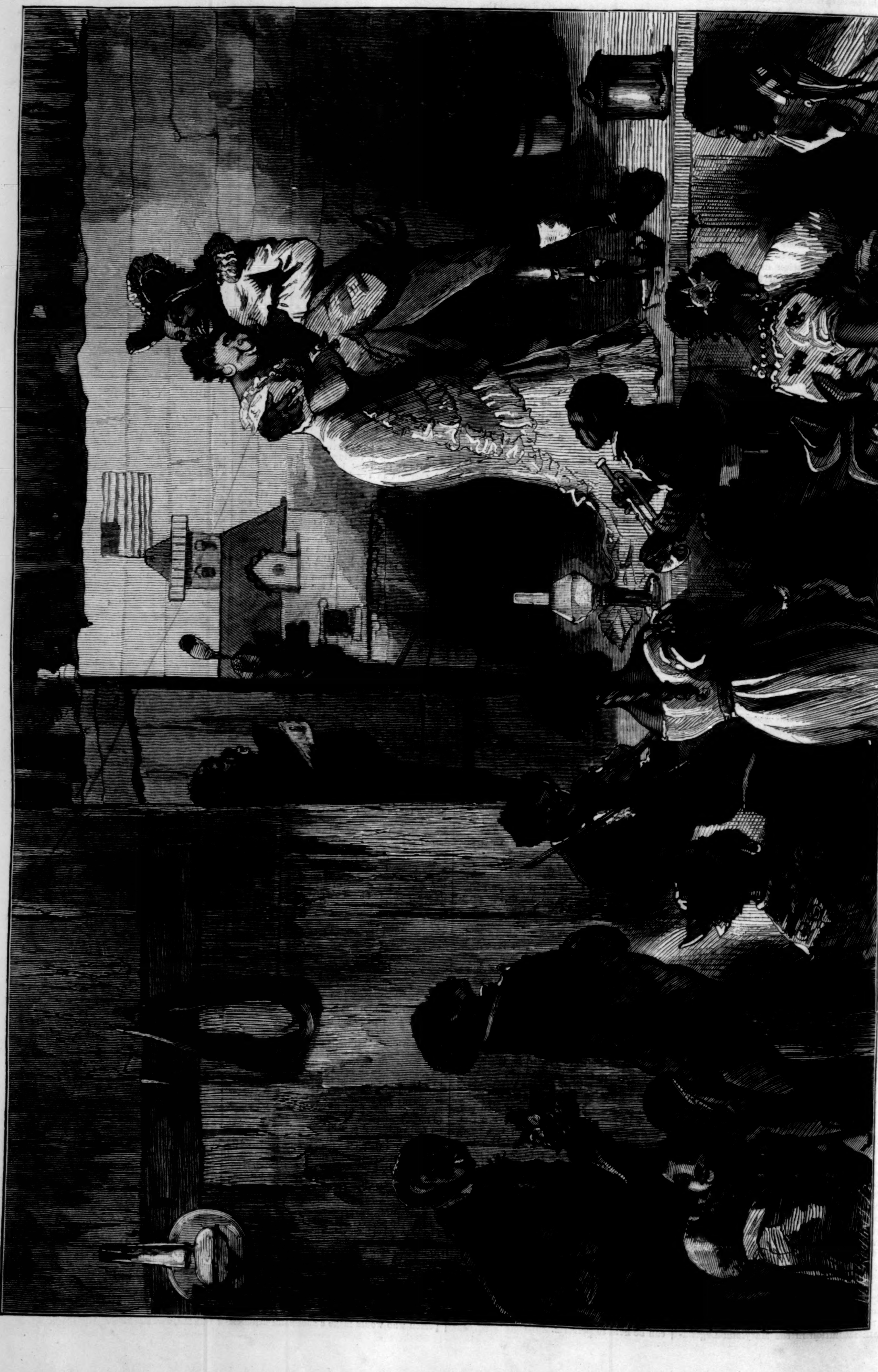
The Eastern Question: The correspondence concerning the Congress was given to the press on the 30th ult. It shows that Austria is the only government which expressed an opinion about England's demand for the submission of all the articles in the Treaty of San Stefano to the Congress. Austria thought the reservation of full liberty of action by the powers a sufficient guarantee, and that it was not to the interest of England or Austria to raise difficulties on this point. The preliminary conference of ambassadors at Berlin was suggested by Prince Bismarck, and immediately declined by England because it was useless. In a conversation with Lord Loftus, the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian Premier, said that if the Congress made any modifications in the treaty they would be subject to further arrangements between Russia and Turkey. Russia could only accept discussion of those points of the treaty affecting European interests. Sir Henry Elliot, the British ambassador at Vienna, telegraphed to Lord Derby, on the 23d ult., that he was trustworthily informed that Prince Gortchakoff told the Roumanian agent at St. Petersburg that Russia would not allow the question of the cession of Bessarabia to be discussed by the Congress; that if Roumania persists in opposing the treaty, Russia will seize Bessarabia, occupy Roumania, and disarm the Roumanian army.—The message of the Queen, giving notice of her intention of calling out the reserves, was read in the House of Commons on the 1st inst.—The British government sent a circular to the powers on the 1st inst. It summarizes all the recent correspondence, and after giving Russia's refusal to consent to England's demand relative to placing the treaty as a whole before the Congress, goes on to complain of the terms imposed by Russia on Turkey. It objects to the San Stefano Treaty in detail, and declares that "neither British interests nor the well-being of the Turkish provinces would be consulted by the assembling of a Congress restricted by Prince Gortchakoff's latest reservations." It appeals to the treaty of 1856 and the declaration of 1871, and implies that both are still in force.—The new British cabinet was announced, on the 2d, as follows: The Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for the Foreign Department; the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy, Secretary of State for India; the Hon. Frederick A. Stanley, Secretary of State for War; Sir Henry Selwin Ibbetson, Secretary of the Treasury, in place of the Hon. F. A. Stanley. Two British troop ships, the *Crocodile* and the *Euphrates*, on the 4th inst. were ordered to be ready for sea in forty-eight hours.—General Ignatieff returned to St. Petersburg, from Vienna, on the 2d inst. The *Agence Russe* maintains that his mission was not a failure, as he was simply instructed to give and receive friendly explanations.—Official telegrams to the Greek government announce that fierce fighting has occurred at Macrinitza between the insurgents and the Turks. Turkish ships are bombarding the coast villages.

The London *Times's* Paris correspondent says: "Three government measures—the Colportage Bill, the Press Amnesty Bill, and the State of Siege Bill—have all become law. The first prevents the recurrence of the most arbitrary proceedings of the De Broglie cabinet; the second cancels its three thousand press prosecutions, though extended by the Senate to about a dozen earlier or later offenders, including Paul de Cassagnac; and the third is directed against an abuse of power which, though not resorted to by the Duc de Broglie, was notoriously advocated by some of his colleagues and supporters."

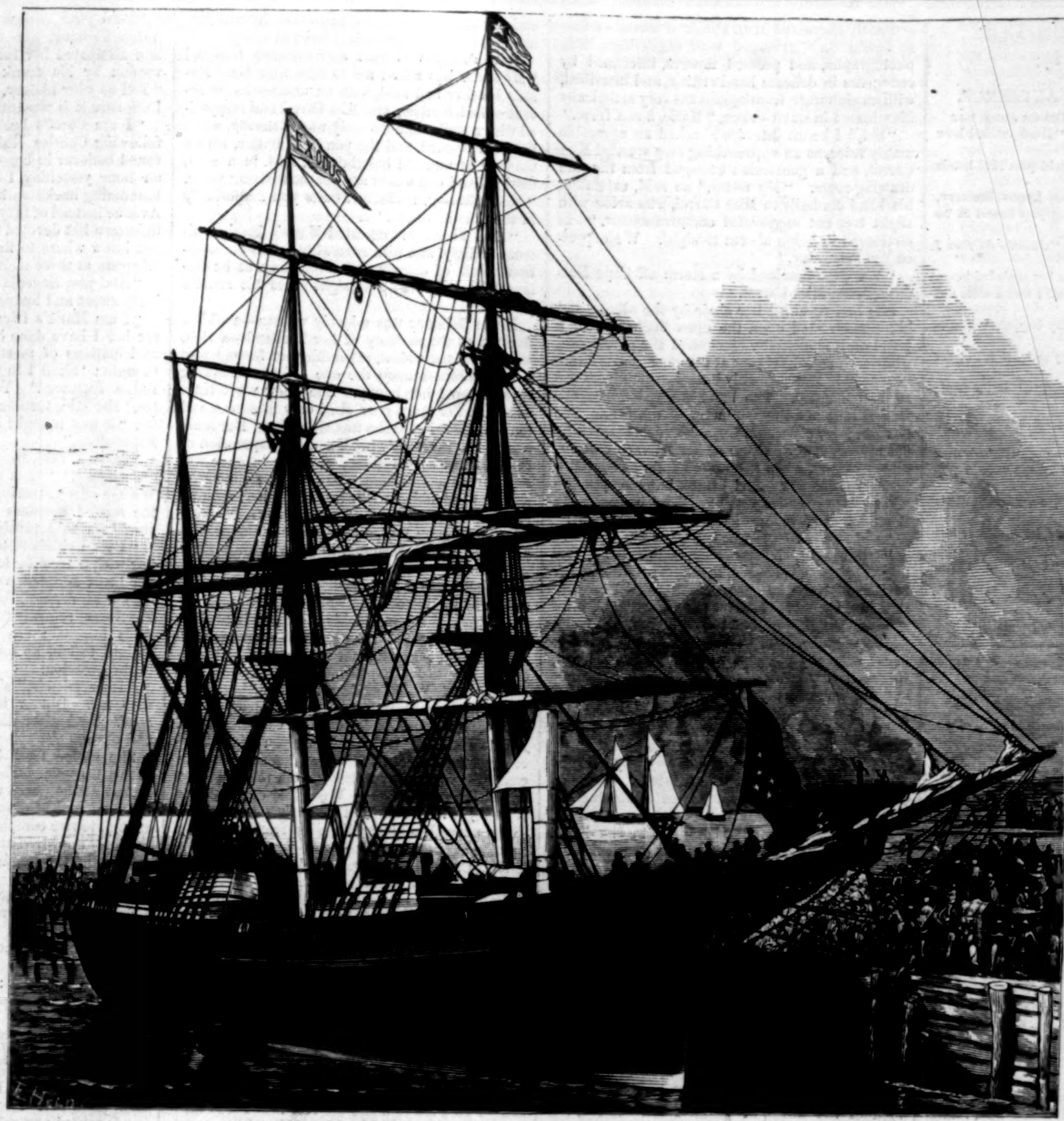
The French Senate, on the 29th ult., adopted the Press Amnesty Bill by a vote of 231 to 1. The Senate also passed the Budget as re-amended by the Chamber of Deputies.

The appointments of Count von Eulenburg to the Ministry of the Interior, Herr Maybach to the Ministry of Commerce, Herr Hobrecht to the Ministry of Finance, and Dr. Achenbach to the governorship of West Prussia, are gazetted in Berlin.

The Earl of Leitrim was shot dead, on the 2d inst., while driving near his lodge, Manor Vaughan, county of Derry, Ireland. His clerk and car-driver, who were with him, were also killed.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT BLACKVILLE—"I HANG UPON DE HONEY OB DOZE LIPS!"—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Poem, "Private Theatricals," on Page 319.]



THE LIBERIAN SHIP "AZOR."—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. N. BARNARD, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.]

FOR LIBERIA.

THE consecration of the Liberian ship *Azor* at Charleston, South Carolina, March 21, may prove to be the beginning of an extensive movement among the colored people of our Southern States to seek new homes in a free African state. It is not likely, nor in any way desirable, that this movement will ever gather sufficient headway to reduce to any considerable extent the colored population of the South, but the strengthening of Liberia by the accession of an industrious and intelligent population, accustomed to self-government and tolerably well trained in mechanical pursuits, will greatly aid in the work of civilizing the continent, and opening up its mighty rivers and lakes to commerce.

The religious element is so strong in the nature of the negro that in giving the new movement toward Liberia the character of a missionary enterprise, it appealed to numbers that might have looked indifferently upon a scheme that had no further end than simply the bettering of their worldly condition. The colored man in America is easily persuaded to liken himself and his people to the ancient Israelites who were held in bondage in Egypt, and now the prospect of returning to his home in Africa may naturally appear like a Heaven-directed exodus toward the Promised Land. Indeed, this was the tone taken by all the speakers on the occasion depicted in our engraving. First one clerical brother of sable complexion and then another called attention to the missionary aspect of the case. The Rev. Mr. B. F. PORTER explained that "the consecration or dedication of a ship was a little unusual, but the colored race was one that eminently believed in God, and was learning to believe in the evangelization of the millions of their people who now sat in darkness." Bishop BROWN also gave his testimony to the effect that "the ship had been purchased by Christian men led forward by Christian ministers. They had so far succeeded in their object, which was to carry Christian men and women to aid in Christianizing Africa, and carrying on the work of civilization in her midst." The Rev. Dr. HENRY M. TURNER informed the multitude that "the object of this assemblage was to consecrate to the service and care of God this vessel which was about to cross the trackless ocean. It was not only to bear to Africa a certain number of her sable sons and daughters, it was not only to bear a load of humanity, but to take back the culture, education, and religion acquired here. The work inaugurated then would never stop until the blaze of Gospel truth should glitter over the whole broad African continent."

To turn, however, from the religious side of the enterprise to the business part of it, we find that the new scheme is under the charge of a stock company, whose object it is to arrange for the transportation of such portions of the colored population of our Union as may desire to colonize on the shores of their native Africa. Only those will be taken who have means to support themselves in Liberia for six months without assistance. It is claimed that 25,000 people through the South have invested in the Liberian Joint-stock Steamship Company, and that over 160,000 are enrolled to go when occasion offers. The *Azor*, however, has accommodations only for 250. After landing her passengers, the vessel is to return immediately for more, bringing back a cargo of African products. This method of transportation is to be continued until the company secures funds enough to purchase a steam-ship, when a regular line is to be established between this port and Monrovia for carrying over emigrants and bringing back produce. The officers of the company claim to have on hand now, after paying for the *Azor*, nearly sufficient funds to pay the first installment on the steamship. Every stockholder has a right to one passage to Monrovia when his turn comes. There are 30,000 shares of stock, at $10 per share.

Should the present enthusiasm for emigration continue, it would appear that in course of time the presence of the black man in our midst would be, like that of the Indian, little more than a memory. It is to be hoped that those who are among the first to venture will not be overwhelmed with the trial and discouragement that usually await emigrants to a new and unfamiliar country.

HOUSE AT SAN STEFANO IN WHICH THE TREATY OF PEACE WAS SIGNED BETWEEN TURKEY AND RUSSIA.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

[See Illustration on Page 308.]

WHISPERS AMONG THE AUDIENCE.

"De Lady of de Lions? Is dat like de story war
Poor Dan'l's in de lion's den?" "Hush, chile! how dum' you be!
Dis ain't no beastes roarin' roun' wid pow'rful heads of har;
It am a country place dey calls de Lyons Brewery,
Down by de lake of Crowmo. Jess you lissen at de play,
An' ask no foolish questions." "*Juliet's* de one *I* lub,
She looks so princely stannin' up in her ma's balconay
W'en Romo says, 'Oh! don't I wish I was a w'ite kid glub
Upon dat han'!'" "Say, Brown, my boy, she's gracefulously slim—
Puts me in mind of willer-trees; and all dat sweet talk slips
Like music from her hansum mouf." "Dat's true; but look at *him*—
A bumble-bee would snicker at de honey on *his* lips."
"Montgomery S. Thompson's got a dreffful big bokay
For de primer doner. Don't I wish his wife 'd pop in de do'!
She earned de money dat ar cost, a-washin' t'other day,
An' if she made her 'pearance here, he wouldn't buy no mo'.
I do dishate sich married men!" "Oh! look at Gracia's curl!
'Tis six times lighter dan her wool. An' at de las' cake walk
She wore de flirtiest par of shoes." "Shet up! you giggly girl.
W'ar war you raised dat you don't know it's unpolite to talk
W'en de performance 's on de stage?" "Oh, Clod, when we *are* caught,
We cling till death!" "Dat's sure enuf; dey clings for ebermore."
"Now, Brudder Melnott." "Angel one, dese frens a message brought.
Go 'way a w'ile." "Don't tarry long." "Bravo! Ancore! Ancore!"

ALL A MISTAKE.

At eight o'clock of a November night a carriage stopped in M Avenue, before a handsome house. The cabman sprang from his box, and, opening the cab door, said to a young lady, who tossed back her veil and looked anxiously upward at the brightly lighted entrance, "Here's your number, miss."

"Number fifty-seven. Yes, that must be right. Will you go up the steps, please, and ring the bell, and say that I have come? And some one will help you with the baggage."

The man obeyed. A portly butler appeared at the doorway, and answering the summons, "She says she's come, Sir," by a dignified nod, immediately descended to the pavement with a pompous gait. "You are expected, Miss Carrol," he said to the young lady, whom he found looking both perplexed and anxious. And he was about to add more, when Miss Carrol, with a sigh of instant relief, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm so glad!" sprang lightly from the carriage, and mounted the steps with a vivacity that took the decorous dignitary's breath away.

A lady's-maid stood in the hallway to receive the visitor. "Is this Mademoiselle Carrol?" and a bright smile answering "Yes," she continued: "Madame is so sorry—exceedingly. Madame is absente avoidably. She has to dine to-night, and so engaged two weeks last. Will mademoiselle excuse?" And she added, as she conducted the guest from the corridor: "Dinner is served at the moment mademoiselle will desire. And shall I be permitted to assist at the toilet?"

Miss Carrol followed the maid up a winding staircase, across a square hallway hung with pictures and wall-brackets of curious china, into a luxurious crimson-tinted bed-chamber, lighted by candles and by a little wood fire.

The toilet was soon completed, the costume—a dark, close-fitting travelling habit—remaining unchanged. And Miss Carrol, at the last touch turning away from the mirror, encountered a gaze of unfeigned admiration.

"Si belle—si belle comme la vierge," thought the maid, whose eyes drank with the avidity of an amateur the pure style of the queenly figure, the classic Italian face, the dark soft eyes, the rich beautiful hair. She adroitly veiled her admiration with a respectful "Ah, voilà;" and, as with sudden recollection, presented a little note which lay on the table.

"My dear Girl,—It is absurd that, after all my dreams of meeting you, I should not be at home to-night to give you true welcome. But you know my heart. I am forced to go to a dinner, and to appear afterward at a ball given by my sister. Make yourself comfortable. Rest if you will, dear, from the fatigue of your journey by retiring early, and to-morrow—to-morrow you will give me the joy of welcoming you *at last* to the home and heart of your devoted Marie."

Miss Carrol read this note twice, and with a grave expression of scrutiny. Then the smile returned to her face. "It can mean nothing but kindness," she reflected, as she went down to dinner, which was served *en solitaire* in exquisite style.

From the dining-room an arch gracefully draped led into a lighted room, beyond which, in dim, low light, was the drawing-room. This middle room, which might perhaps be called a library, had more the air of a boudoir. Its wainscot of well-filled book-cases was obscured by manifold objects of *bijouterie*, by pictures and plaques and mounted bronzes, porcelains, and marbles. Miss Carrol amused herself for a few moments by carelessly scanning the objects, and then seating herself comfortably in one of the delightful easy-chairs beside a table covered with books, became presently engrossed in an album of travel—a finely bound folio, arranged with engravings, little photographs, and pressed flowers, interlined by comments in delicate handwriting, and inscribed, with an elaborate frontispiece not very artistically illuminated in water-colors, "Marie, à son frère."

"Shall I be an intruder?" asked an agreeable manly voice, as an approaching step startled Miss Carrol, and a gentleman emerged from the dim drawing-room. "My sister," he said, extending his hand cordially to Miss Carrol, who arose with slight but not ungraceful embarrassment, "was distressed in being absent to-night. We expected you yesterday."

"We were detained by a storm off Cape Hatteras," said Miss Carrol.

She had resumed her chair by the album, and her hand rested upon the open book. "Not a jewel on it!" mentally ejaculated the gentleman, who cast a curious glance at the unconscious hand. "Strange! But probably because the fingers are so finely shaped. The hand is regularly beautiful; it matches the symmetry of the face. She is right; jewels would be a blemish. But why did not my sister tell me of her friend's extraordinary beauty, when she knows I am so susceptible to that charm? Ah! I think I understand."—"We were expecting you," he said, "by cars. My sister has been indefatigable in meeting trains."

"Did she not receive my brother's telegram?"

"I think not," he answered, doubtfully. "Her brother!" he questioned, mentally; "who is her brother? Not that odious Tom Carrol I meet at the club, I trust? I detest the fellow." A brief silence was followed, in a rather insinuating voice, by, "I imagine, Miss Carrol, that although it has never been my pleasure to see you till to-night, we are hardly strangers to each other?"

"No, indeed; my brother writes so often of you."

"My sister, you mean."

"Well, perhaps the *adjectives* are hers."

"I suspect so, if they are in any way remarkable. Marie has a gift of adjectives. You discover that anew if you have been examining her album of Europe."

Miss Carrol turned beamingly to the book. "Yes, the epithets—adjectives, as you call them—are very original; brilliant, I think."

"Marie is a genius," said her brother. "My good genius too. I have complete faith in her intuitions—her instinctive judgment." He said these last words with such a thrilling directness and dash of ardor that Miss Carrol involuntarily lifted her eyes to his: those eyes—very expressive ones—were shining full upon her with even more ardor than the voice betrayed. Miss Carrol, although she blushed and looked down quickly again upon the page, had the good sense to know that he could not mean *her* by his sister's "intuition" and his sister's "judgment."

"He is probably," she thought, "one of those men of the world, of whom I have heard, but never met, whose every word conveys a compliment, whose very presence flatters a girl. He is fascinating, but I must not yield to such a fascination. At the first instant, too, how ridiculous it would be to allow myself to be ensnared!"

But ensnared she was, in spite of herself; for their talk, taking its turn from Marie's album, fell upon foreign travel, and as Miss Carrol had never been abroad, she felt none of the *ennui* that usually accompanies such a subject, but, on the contrary, listened with unaffected interest and with many piquant leading questions to the spirited relations which became more animated and more vivid as the sympathetic listening made itself increasingly felt. The minutes flew as if on wings. The little Dresden clock on the mantel struck half past ten when the visit closed.

Sunk in the soft pillows of the crimson-tinted bed-chamber, where the dying fire-light cast a dreamy glow, Miss Carrol felt, as she fell asleep that night, like one of the heroines in the *Arabian Nights*, and her hero was an agreeable young gentleman leaning over an album. "If his sister is like *him*," was her last waking thought, "I do not wonder that my brother is attached to her with all his heart."

When coffee was brought to her room the next morning, a little note lay on the tray beneath two fresh-plucked roses—a note written with a hand so trembling it was difficult to decipher.

"Distracted with one of my nervous headaches. Thank Heaven, they last but a day. To-night will see my dear girl. Pray be happy.
"Marie."

The fresh roses sent by madame's order were prelude of a series of attentions to beguile the morning; and for the afternoon there was an invitation to drive with Marie's brother in the Park. But before that Miss Carrol had sent a telegram to a law office down town, addressed to Ralph Fleming:

"By some mistake missed you. Come to-night without fail."

For the drive in the Park Miss Carrol appeared attired in the same dark travelling habit she had worn on her arrival. And the only comment made by her cavalier, who might naturally have expected for the beautiful clear November day, and for his stylish dog-cart, a rich carriage costume, was the silent comment given beneath a quick sigh of perfect contentment: "And this simplicity in a beauty and an heiress—how charming!"

The drive in the Park, which extended by the long drive, and beyond along the river, was a supplement to the evening's impression of unbounded attraction with which these young people were both irresistibly inspired. Conversation was of the most general kind, and not at all of a brilliant order; but it was laden with those subtle magnetisms that make commonplaces momentous. And at their return in the twilight, when, all radiant with pleasure, Miss Carrol alighted, there was that already which in the touch of the hand and the glance of the eye expresses, for the moment at least, an enchanting bond of unity.

How rudely was that enchantment broken! "My sister has asked me to dine with her," Marie's brother had said, with an unmistakable accent of satisfaction; and Miss Carrol had responded with a smile that certainly was flattering, when the door opened, and the pompous butler, with a manner of unusual haughtiness, said, in a loud, distinct, and one would say anathematizing voice, "Miss *Fleming*, madame awaits you *immediately* in the drawing-room."

"Miss Fleming!" repeated Marie's brother, almost audibly, and with several invisible exclamation points of dismay and foreboding, as he followed his "love at first sight" into his sister's presence.

Marie Delatour was a lovely woman—a widow devoted to the memory of her husband—a rich, liberal-hearted widow, expending her fortune and her friendliness upon the one object of making those around her happy. She knew what tears were, but her tears were shed only in secret, and to the outward gaze she was all smiles. Her manner was so invariably kind, and her expression of countenance so caressing, that her brother was struck with astonishment, and his presaging anxiety was redoubled when he beheld her, with an erect and proud carriage, and a frown lowering upon her sunny face, advance to her visitor with a frigid: "Miss Fleming, to what chance am I indebted for your presence?"

She softened a little as her glance took in the aspect of the intruder.

Miss Carrol seized quickly the scarcely proffered hand and said: "Then you have not heard—Is it possible you have not heard from my brother?"

"Certainly," said madame. "Your brother is in the library. But I desired to receive you myself—to have your explanation. I can understand that it was possible, indeed, that you might innocently have entered the wrong house; but how could you accept my notes, written to my darling friend Eugenia Carrol? Were they applicable to a stranger? I feel that there has been something unpardonable, and I wish from your own lips the explanation."

Miss Carrol had turned deadly pale. Charles Redmond, Marie Delatour's brother, stood where he could watch her closely, and he thought she was attacked with faintness. He made an impulsive movement toward her, but she gently raised her hand to deter him, and rallied from her consternation.

"Are you not Marie Maurice, the wife of my benefactor, Victor Maurice, my brother's kind friends, at whose house I was to be received as a sister, as a child? And have you not, have not your people at your order, addressed me by my name, my least unhappy name, 'Carol,' 'Miss Carol,' as my dear little ones in the South call me, on purpose to make me feel that I was coming home—home? Oh! I fear now—I know now there has been some great mistake. Oh! you repel me; you do not know me. Where is Ralph? Where is my brother? He will explain all."

The softness of Marie's nature responded to the girl's agitation, and she dropped her assumed haughtiness at once, with a kind: "Be seated, my poor child. You are as pale as death. Charles, bring her a glass of wine. There is some mystery here that will be explained. Compose yourself, Miss Fleming, and you shall meet your brother presently. There, take the wine, my dear; it will revive you. Oh yes, it revives you: your color returns. Do not be alarmed. There is ample time for explanation."

At this moment there was a rustle of stiff silk in the hall, and a shadow in the arched passage of the library, and two people simultaneously entered. Marie sprang forward with a rapturous "Eugenia, my darling!" and Miss Carol rose quickly with a "Ralph, my dearest brother!" But the persons addressed, midway in their response to these endearments of greeting, paused suddenly and confronted each other.

Miss Eugenia Carrol—a plain but not inelegant woman of thirty, a cold, stately personage, by all the laws of contrast Marie's dearest friend—stood as if paralyzed, gazing at Ralph Fleming.

Ralph Fleming—a florid, handsome, jovial-looking young man—making his way impulsively to his distracted sister, stopped suddenly, and with a dazed stare gazed at Miss Eugenia Carrol. So electrical was their arrest in one absorbing recognition that the other occupants of the meeting-ground shrank back instinctively.

"Ralph Fleming!" said the stately lady, "do I find you at last?" She had taken his hand and raised it reverently to her lips. "Marie," she said, turning to her friend, "this is the man who saved my life at the burning of the *R*——, who at the moment when I could express my gratitude became lost to me. How does it happen that I meet him here? Are you my good angel, Marie? Did you prepare this surprise for me?" The cold plain woman's face glowed with a sudden flush of enthusiasm.

"Eugenia, my darling girl," said Marie, as soon as she could catch her breath from a gasp of astonishment, "I am in a puzzle. I should think I was dreaming if I did not see your good face, so unchanged, my dear Eugenia, across these five years. Dreaming? I should think so." She glanced at Ralph Fleming, who was embracing his sister, and at Charles Redmond, who was gazing at the embrace with a jealous fury.

Marie gave one of her silvery little laughs. "Come," said she, gayly, "let us all sit down in a circle, a witch's circle, and tell each other who we are. For I declare, with the exception of you, Eugenia, I don't know who any of us is, least of all who I am. Come, let us present ourselves to each other. Charles Redmond, begin."

"I am Marie's brother. And"—a little sarcastically—"a profound believer in her intuitions."

"And *you?*" asked Marie of the bright-faced Ralph Fleming, who the moment she looked at him dissipated her faintest remnant of animadversion by his frank and genial countenance. "Tell us your history, your romantic history, for I am sure it *is* romantic."

"I am Carol's brother," said Ralph Fleming, following Charles Redmond's lead, "and a profound believer in her—good intentions. By half an hour yesterday I missed my sister, and the blundering hackman brought her to fifty-seven M Avenue instead of fifty-seven L Avenue, where her unknown but devoted friends awaited her. I did not know where to find her until I received her telegram at three o'clock to-day."

"And *you*, Eugenia?" This in a voice exceedingly sweet and loving.

"I am Marie's friend. And in journeying to see her I have done her the wrong to allow my anticipations of meeting to be obscured by one thought: 'Shall I in that great city find my lost Ralph Fleming?' You never received my letter," she said, turning to that gentleman abruptly; "it was brought back to me from the dead-letter office."

"Hush!" said Marie, intercepting an impetuous answer. "It is not your turn, Mr. Fleming. We are only gathering up the first chapters now; the second chapters will come presently. And *you?*" she said, turning to Carol Fleming.

"I am Ralph's sister," Carol answered, timidly, but with a trusting look at Marie, whom, indeed, her heart adopted, as whose heart adopted not? "I am an orphan, for five years a governess in the South, returning to my—to my home." Her voice faltered; she added no more, and was obliged to add no more, for Marie, radiant, arose to the occasion.

"Dear friends," she said, "you will all dine with me. Dinner is, I think, at this moment *servi*. And after dinner we will have the second chapters."

She glided from her chair of audience and kissed Eugenia. Then she kissed Carol.

And so the peace was made of this strange interview; and at dinner the spirits were all alert enough to rise completely above personalities into the most approved and sparkling table-talk. Afterward, in the boudoir-library, came the second chapters.

And after the second chapters came in brief silence a tableau vivant; and with the tableau a series of unspoken reflections that formed the verdict upon the whole proceedings of the eventful day, as follows:

Marie's reflection: "Miss Fleming is the most graceful, classical, bewitching, superb, and innocent creature that I have ever seen; and my brother is head and ears in love with her already—Heaven help him! Eugenia Carrol is the same true, stern, delicate, dignified, devout, intense, and noble woman that I knew her first, and always shall know her. Heaven bless her! Ralph Fleming is one of nature's noblemen, generous, impulsive, incautious, frank, merry, memorable, and fortunate; he holds his fate in his hands; yes, and he perceives it. He will certainly propose to Eugenia, and she will accept him. Happy mortal! Marie! Marie! what becomes of your plans for Charles, and your cherished match-making? Where is your dream of an ideal sister-in-law? Poor Marie! ah! François, *your* Marie, who can no more plan happiness for others than she could keep her own, so precious, *ma vie*, my soul! But I shall *add* to happiness; that is my mission."

Ralph Fleming's reflection: "The gratitude of Eugenia Carrol has evidently taken possession of her whole soul. That terrible midnight scene of wreck and flame, that perilous journey of ours upon the floating bale down the dark tragical river, alone there in the scene of destruction, has served to idealize her protector of the hour into a superior being. I verily believe she has given me her heart. Luckily I have a whole one to offer in return; it is a mere chance that I have. I came 'mighty near' losing it last winter with little Sue Davis. I suffered pretty keenly when John Willoughby 'cut me out.' Man proposes, Heaven disposes. Perhaps, now, it was all for the best. Who knows?"

Charles Redmond's reflection: "How could my sister ever imagine that I could fall in love with her friend, or regard her with any sentiment beyond that ordinarily inspired by a worthy personage and a noted heiress? Money and estimable qualities are not every thing in the world, at least not to a man of my temperament. There is a charm, a grace, a magnetism of loveliness and beauty that keeps a fellow from being bored by every-day existence. I should be miserable as a married man if my wife had no poetic and mysteriously supreme attraction for me. Such a girl, now, as this superb Carol—ye gods! how dazzling, how classical, how noble she is!—such a girl would be my ideal as a sweet and queenly wife. Would that I were rich enough to rush in boldly and perhaps win her; but an income like mine has 'nae room for twa.' Marie is right; I should marry an heiress. And yet, as I feel to-night, the simplest life with such a woman as that, heiress of all feminine grace, would be preferable to a career of splendor with the ideal part left out."

Carol Fleming's reflection: "How like a dream this all is! Shall I ever be quite happy again when I awake?"

She did not awake. For Marie, whose mission was to add to happiness, prolonged the dream by inviting Carol Fleming to spend the Christmas holidays; and before that time and at that time there were frequent interviews between Ralph Fleming and Miss Eugenia, and between the beautiful Carol and Charles Redmond. Every meeting made it more impossible to part, and at the New-Year Fortune came to the rescue of Love.

Fortune came in the person of Miss Eugenia Carrol. She was not only an "immense heiress," but she was a rich heart. Her generosity was mingled with eccentricity: few appeals reached

her confiding sympathy, but those few were liberally responded to. She made it possible for a struggling young lawyer to become an influential citizen and an affluent and rejoicing householder. And Carol Fleming, whose sad history as a homeless orphan she soon learned, touched even more disinterestedly her noble heart. She gave to her as a wedding gift a delightful little house next her own. She diminished the splendor of her own home, appropriate to her wealth, one-half, in order to include this second home, and to benefit the worthy sister of her beloved Ralph.

There side by side in this great city that hides more happy homes than it displays, for the simple reason that true happiness cares not to display, these two married couples live.

Charles Redmond is the envied husband of the most beautiful woman and the most affectionate wife that any one in city rounds can meet. And Ralph Fleming is the husband of a great heiress, who values his possession not for what the world envies, but for what the world knows not of.

And so good has come to four good people—five good people, for Marie, who is happy in the happiness of others, must be included—true happiness, solving the enigma of life, has come from what in the beginning was *all a mistake.*

HUMAN CHARACTER.

LAVATER's method of pursuing the study of character through the investigation of the features of the human face has long been known. But Lavater's system is on the whole much too loose and elementary to be regarded as satisfactory by modern scientists, whose repudiation of phrenology as a system capable of explaining the exact disposition of the brain functions has unquestionably affected Lavater's method also. Mr. Galton refers to the fact we have already alluded to, namely, that physiologists have determined the rate at which nerve force, representing a sensation or impulse of thought and action, travels along the nerves. The common phrase, "as quick as thought," is found to be by no means so applicable as is generally supposed, especially when it is discovered that thought, or nervous impulse, as compared with light or electricity, appears as a veritable laggard. For while light travels at the rate of many thousands of miles—about one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles, according to the latest researches—in a second of time, nerve force in man passes along his nerves at a rate varying from one hundred and ten or one hundred and twenty to two hundred feet per second. Or, to use Mr. Galton's words, nerve force is "far from instantaneous" in its action, and has, "indeed, no higher velocity than that of a railway express train."

As we could naturally suppose from a consideration of this fact, small animals presenting us with a limited distance for nerve force to travel, will avoid rapid blows and shift for themselves in the struggle for existence at a much quicker rate than large animals. Take two extreme cases in illustration of this fact. A mouse hears a suspicious or threatening sound, and at once, so to speak, accommodates its actions and movements to its protection. The ear of the mouse, as one of its "gateways of knowledge," is situated so close to the brain that the interval which elapses between the reception of the sound by the ear, or between its transmission as an impulse to the brain and the issue of a command or second impulse from the brain to the muscles of the body for the purpose of movement, is too short to be perfectly appreciated by the observer. In a whale, on the contrary, which may attain a length of eighty feet, a much longer interval will elapse before action of body follows on nervous impulse, seeing that the nerve impulse has a longer distance to travel. Assuming that in such animals as the whales the nerve action travels at the rate of seventy or eighty feet per second, it follows that in a large whale which has been struck near the tail by a harpoon, a second or so will elapse before the impulse is transmitted to the brain, while another second will pass before the second impulse is sent from the brain to put the muscles of the tail in action for the purpose of retaliating upon the harpooner. In such a case it is assumed that the brain of the animal will be the nervous centre or station at which information is received, and from which instructions are in turn telegraphed to the various organs and parts of the body. In the actual details of the case, however, it is probable that the spinal marrow of the animal or some part of it would act as the "head office" for receiving and issuing commands. We know that a headless frog will wipe off with one foot a drop of vinegar that has been placed on the other, and in the absence of the brain we thus assume that the spinal cord may act as a nerve centre.

Doubtless the spinal marrow discharges this function naturally; and in view of this latter supposition the interval between the reception of a blow and the muscular actions of an animal would be of less duration than in the case we have just supposed, where the brain is regarded as the central station of the nervous system. As an eminent authority in physical science has remarked, "The interval required for the kindling of consciousness would probably more than suffice for the destruction of the brain by lightning, or even by a rifle-bullet. Before the organ—that is, the brain—can arrange itself, it may, therefore, be destroyed, and in such a case we may safely conclude that death is painless."

But confining ourselves to the domain of human thought, it seems perfectly clear that the differences between persons of different temperament are in reality referable in great part to the varying rates at which nervous impulses are transmitted through the nerves, and to or from the brain. The difference between a person of phlegmatic disposition and a person of sanguine temperament may thus be properly enough referred to the varying rates with which sensations and feelings are appreciated and acted upon. Disposition or temperament thus becomes referred, secondarily, to the manner in which and aptitude with which nerves receive and transmit impressions. Primarily, of course, we must refer the exact causes of the quicker or slower transmission of impulses to the constitution of the individual who exhibits them.

That criminality, like moral greatness, "runs in the blood," there can be no doubt. It would, in fact, be a most unwonted violation of the commonest law of nature were we to find the children of criminals free from the moral taints of their parents. As physical disease is transmissible, and as the conditions regulating its descent are now tolerably well ascertained, so moral infirmities pass from one generation to another, and the "law of likeness" is thus seen to hold true of mind as well as of body. Numerous instances might be cited of the transmission of criminal traits of character, often of very marked and special kind. Dr. Despine, a Continental writer, gives one very remarkable case illustrating the transmission from one generation to another of an extraordinary tendency to thieve and steal. The subjects of the memoir in question were a family named Chrétien, of which the common ancestor, so to speak, Jean Chrétien by name, had three sons, Pierre, Thomas, and Jean-Baptiste. Pierre in his turn had one son, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life for robbery and murder. Thomas had two sons, one of whom was condemned to a like sentence for murder, the other being sentenced to death for a like crime. Of the children of Jean-Baptiste, one son (Jean-François) married one Marie Tauré, who came of a family noted for their tendency to the crime of incendiarism. Seven children were born to this couple with avowedly criminal antecedents on both sides. Of these, one son, Jean-François, named after his father, died in prison after undergoing various sentences for robberies. Another son, Benoist, was killed by falling off a house roof which he had scaled in the act of theft; and a third son, "Clain" by nickname, after being convicted of several robberies, died at the age of twenty-five. Victor, a fourth son, was also a criminal; Marie-Reine, a daughter, died in prison, as also did her sister Marie-Rose, whither both had been sent for theft. The remaining daughter, Victorine, married a man named Lemarre, the son of this couple being sentenced to death for robbery and murder.

The data upon which a true classification of criminals may be founded are as yet few and imperfect, but Mr. Galton mentions it as a hopeful fact that physiognomy and the general contour of the head can be shown to afford valuable evidence of the grouping of criminals into classes. This method of investigation, however, it must be noted, is by no means a return to the old standing of phrenology, which, as all readers know, boasts its ability to mark out the surface of the brain itself into a large number of different faculties. The most that anthropologists would contend for, according to the data laid down, is that certain general types of head and face are peculiar to certain types of criminals. Physical conformation of a general kind becomes thus in a general manner related to the mental type.

The practical outcome of such a subject may be readily found in the ultimate attention which morality, education, and the state itself may give to the reclaiming of youthful criminals, and to the fostering, from an early period in their history, of those tendencies of good which even the most degraded may be shown to possess. If it be true that we are largely the products of past time, and that our physical and mental constitutions are in great measure woven for us and independently of us, it is none the less a stable fact that there exists a margin of free-will, which, however limited in extent, may be made in the criminal and debased, and under proper training and encouragement, the foundation of a new and better life.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Saturday, 20.—Easter-Even.
Sunday, 21.—Easter-Day.
Thursday, 25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist.
Sunday, 28.—First Sunday after Easter.

AT last they give it up! After their noisy outcry against the "godless" public schools, the Roman Catholics of St. Louis come back to them. The *Central Christian Advocate*, of that city, says: "It is stated, upon what appears to be good authority, that within a few weeks the children of Catholic parents, who have hitherto attended the parochial schools in this city, will be sent to the public schools, with the consent of the religious teachers of the Church. It has been evident for some time that such an arrangement would come sooner or later. The parochial schools have never been popular among the great mass of the Catholics, and to support them it has been necessary for the priests to tax the poorer classes, until the burden grew to be intolerable. It has only been by the most persistent efforts and by threats that the parochial schools have been kept open this long." The only hope of the Church for the support of its parochial system on a large scale has been in the State appropriation of money. That hope has been defeated. The country has wisely decided that in providing denominational education the Catholics of this country must carry their own burdens, as Protestants do.

The Southern Methodist Episcopal General Conference, which opens in Atlanta May 1, will consist of 156 ministers and the same number of laymen. There are in the Church 700,000 members, under the jurisdiction of thirty-seven Annual Conferences. The Rev. ALEXANDER CLARK, D.D., editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Professor F. H. M. HENDERSON, of Georgia, are the fraternal messengers elected by the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church to this Conference.

Railway facilities on the route to the International Sunday-school Convention at Atlanta have been so liberally provided that a large attendance may be reasonably expected. It will continue from April 17 to April 19. The Cook County (Chicago) Sunday-school Association have offered the hospitality of their homes to delegates passing through their city.

The church debt-paying movement still moves. Dr. TALMAGE's congregation, having taken a rest after raising over $40,000, began again on Sunday, March 31, with the determination to pay off the residue of their debt. St. Ann's, in Brooklyn (Protestant Episcopal), is deeply involved, and is making a desperate effort to get free. Some churches have divided their obligations into shares, which have been distributed among the members; one in Springfield, Massachusetts, has issued four per cent. bonds wherewith to cancel a seven per cent. bond and mortgage. The bonds were readily taken by the pew-holders. The Baptist churches of Newark, New Jersey, have, in a spirit of true generosity, made a "lump sum" of the debts of them all. The total is $65,000. By this plan the unencumbered will greatly help the encumbered churches.

The fall in the value of real estate has been greatly felt by the schools of learning in and near Chicago. The Baptist University has been in great straits, but its friends are now hopeful of saving it. The Garrett Biblical Institute (Methodist), once supposed to be amply endowed, has also appealed for aid. At a meeting of its friends, held March 26, it was shown that property which had in 1873 yielded a rental of $25,000 now brings only $8000. This revenue is not enough to pay the interest on mortgage and taxes. A resolution was adopted by the assembled company to raise an endowment fund of $200,000. A committee, representing four of the Northwestern Annual Conferences, was appointed to devise ways and means for the securing of this proposed sum.

If the charges against the Rev. FERGUS FERGUSON by the Presbytery of Glasgow are all prosecuted, it will be made clear how far the United Presbyterians of Scotland adhere to the old confessions. There are eight counts in the "libel," as it is called. The first asks whether Mr. FERGUSON believes in a tri-personal or modal Trinity, and has been blotted out. The others touch upon "natural inability, satisfaction, and the covenant of grace." The last runs thus: "Does he ascribe salvation to an eternal and immutable purpose of God, formed out of His mere free grace and love, so that a people chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory are through Christ alone and infallibly saved?"

An old story about the share of Mr. MOODY in the profits of the *Gospel Hymns* has again come to life, and, as we say of new editions of books, "revised and improved." In its present form it announces that the fund from the sale of the hymns, now amounting to $200,000, is in the hands of trustees, and that the support of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY is derived from it. The truth is that the copy money amounts to $68,000, but that neither Mr. MOODY nor Mr. SANKEY has "handled or expended the smallest part of that sum, the support of the evangelists being secured by personal friends." Mr. MOODY refuses to touch the copyright funds, and has said: "If you want to attack me, do not attack me there. I have weaknesses, but they are not in that direction. If I had come for money, it would have been in some other work."

On the 25th of March died the Rev. Dr. FREDERICK OGILBY, one of the assistant ministers of the Trinity Episcopal Church, of this city. In this church for twenty-three years he devoted himself to the welfare of the poor of the city, especially the children. His schools and services for children were greatly useful as well as popular.

"Big Heart" was the name given by the Chippewa Indians of the Northwest to the Hon. WILLIAM WELSH, of Philadelphia, whose death has lately been announced. He was the Indian's friend, and did much both by suggestion and active service as Peace Commissioner in carrying forward the new Christian policy. In sending to his widow the expression of their condolence, the Chippewas say that his "name and memory shall always be sacred to our tribe, and we pray that he may receive his reward for his good work here on earth from our Great Spirit."

The bishop elect of the Italian Catholic Church (anti-Vaticanist) has not yet obtained consecration. It is said that he has applied to the Russian Church for orders, but has failed of success. Why he has not been consecrated by one of the German and Swiss Old Catholic bishops is not explained.

The number of Chinese in California is now estimated to be 150,000. During the year 1877 9906 arrived and 7852 returned home. They are very slowly brought into the churches, but there is a steady gain in the number of Christians among them.

The Wesleyans of England still maintain with vigor a system of day schools, and appear resolved to take a full share of the work of national education. They have now two training colleges for teachers, Westminster and Battersea, in which are 235 students, and 880 day schools, with 180,000 pupils. It may be noted that the compulsory education acts of 1870 and 1876 have thus far been held in abeyance. Instructions have, however, been recently issued by the government to the inspectors of public schools which are intended to prepare the way for the enforcement of compulsion.

The English memorial to the Queen against the practice of auricular confession has been handed in to her Majesty's ministers. Its important passage is the following: "Your memorialists, sincerely attached to the national Church of their fathers, view with deep concern the efforts now made by a considerable number of the clergy to introduce into the Church of England the teaching and practice of auricular confession, which they regard as contrary to the teaching of the Word of God, alien to the doctrine, principles, and order of the Church, fraught with peril to its existence as an establishment, and subversive of the principles of morality, social order, and civil and religious liberty." The signers are nearly half a million, and include 75 noblemen, 37 ladies of title, 39 baronets, 93 members of Parliament, 655 magistrates and justices of the peace, 41 mayors and aldermen, 973 bankers and merchants, 22 admirals, 46 generals, 202 colonels, 99 majors, 247 captains, 4 deans, 4 archdeacons, 30 canons, 3286 clergy, 1628 church-wardens, etc.

The bill legalizing colonial marriages has again passed the House of Commons, this time by a majority of 21. It makes valid in England a marriage contracted in the colonies with a deceased wife's sister. Hitherto such marriages, though legal in the colonies, have been held to be illegal in the mother country. The bill will no doubt be negatived in the House of Lords, for it is bitterly opposed by the bishops and clergy of the state Church.

Bishop J. L. SPALDING, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Peoria, has of late been discoursing upon the "Decline of Protestantism," and the Catholic papers are quoting his opinions with great approbation. Unfortunately the bishop's facts do not sustain him, especially when he speaks of the United States. He says: "In a population of over 40,000,000, after a hundred years of perfect freedom, some hundred sects or more hold, with what power of grasp they may, 7,000,000 of members. If we reckon the Catholics at 7,000,000, there remain some 30,000,000 neither Protestant nor Catholic, but simply indifferent to all forms of religion. No words, it would seem, could add to the significance of this fact, which of itself proves the hopeless failure of Protestantism in the United States." The bishop has forgotten that Roman Catholic statistics report population, and Protestant, in this country, communicants, who are mostly adults. The Methodist communicants in the United States are 3,000,000; the Methodist population is fairly computed at 8,000,000. The Baptist communicants are over 2,000,000; the Baptist population is over 5,000,000. This distinction is just as applicable to the Presbyterians, Lutherans, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians. How is it, if Bishop SPALDING's reasoning is sound, that in the chart of the United States census showing the "ratio of church accommodation to the total population over ten years of age" one-half of the whole space is represented by the Methodists and the Baptists, and about one-ninth by the Roman Catholics?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LET a young gentleman and young lady try the following scientific experiment: A galvanic battery is set in motion, and while he takes one handle in one of his hands she takes the other in one of hers. Then let them softly kiss each other. This brings out all the fire-works there are in two moving souls.

A popular clergyman recently gave a lecture on "Fools." The tickets of admission were inscribed: "Lecture on Fools. Admit one." There was a large audience.

A cobbler once said that he could always tell who was wrong in a spirited argument, even when he could not understand what either contestant was saying. He brought his hammer down on his lapstone with a hearty blow, and continued: "It's always the man who gets mad first."

Old Deacon Dobson always boasted that he was "prepared for the worst," and his neighbors thought he got it when he married his second wife.

A SCENE IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

FOND WIFE. "Let me see your paper a moment, dear."

HUSBAND. "Yes, as soon as we get to the tunnel."

The cold world little realizes the sense of desolation that shuts down on a man who thinks he has been handed too much change by his grocer, when he dodges around the corner and finds it right to a penny.

Very few brass-bands in a military parade can play as many airs as the drum-major puts on.

The Chinese have a notion that the soul of a poet passes into a grasshopper, because it sings till it starves.

The lugubrious bird on the "ninety-cent piece"
  Causes many to snicker and giggle;
But our faith in the sign o'er his head should increase,
  Though the poor bird himself is ill-eagle.

In what two cases are precisely the same means used for directly opposite purposes?—Why, bars, to be sure. They are put on bank windows to keep thieves out, and on jail windows to keep them in.

A pretty girl of twenty-three was offered $1000 by a very old man if she would marry him. One can imagine her indignation—how her eyes flashed, how she stamped her foot, how she said she would rather be a young man's slave, etc., and how the old man turned sadly away, deeming himself lucky to have escaped with his hair intact. P.S.—She accepted him.

"I'll never starve, my dear," he said
  Unto his rural bride,
As through the garden walk the two
  Were strolling side by side.
The little farmer's girl looked up,
  And "Why?" she archly said.
"Because," quoth he, "in you I have
  A little hoe-maid bred."

The young lovers in Southern California catch their lasses with lassoes.

The editor of a comic paper in London has applied for admission to one of the hospitals on the ground that his funny bone is broken.

Wanted, in the capital town of Trenton, New Jersey, a lightning-rod that will serve as some protection against Jersey lightning.

Two years ago she graduated, and her essay was upon "The Glorious Future." "Let us strive to emulate the examples of the nobility of past generations," she said, "and let our aspirations direct us toward the accomplishment of exalted deeds, and our reward shall be given us in the True, the Beautiful, and the Good." A few days ago she was lying on the sofa reading the last insipid novel; she had on an old dress, her hair was uncombed, and a hole in the heel of her stocking added to her picturesque appearance, while her mother was out in the kitchen doing the week's washing, and calling in vain for assistance. The noble girl!

SIGNING THE TREATY.

In the accompanying engraving we offer our readers an interesting sketch of the two great representatives of Russia and Turkey as they met at San Stefano for the purpose of signing the treaty which should finally restore peaceful relations between the two powers. This event, which took place on the 3d of March, suffered considerable delay not only on account of the severe conditions enforced by Russia, but also from the hesitation of Safvet Pasha, the Turkish plenipotentiary, who declined to assume the responsibility of signing it without a formal written authorization from his government. It seems that whenever this officer referred to the capital for instructions, which he frequently did, he always received the same answer, namely, that the government had full confidence in his knowledge, tact, and patriotism, and would be satisfied with whatever he did. But this answer, however complimentary, did not prevent Safvet Pasha from fearing that the government might eventually throw the responsibility of all that might ensue upon his shoulders, and he at last formally refused to sign a single point without the sanction of his superiors in office. Finally, the decision to accept the terms dictated by Russia was arrived at in a full council of the Turkish ministers, and having been communicated to Safvet Pasha, the formidable document received his signature.

This treaty, the substance of which was given in the news column of our issue of March 23, was made in the interest of the victors in the late terrible struggle, and naturally contains much that is signally distasteful to the Ottoman power. General Ignatieff, the Russian plenipotentiary, is said to have urged, on the occasion of the Conference, that Turkey should not only accept the terms contained in the treaty, but defend them at the Congress which it was supposed would ensue. The Turkish envoys were not willing, however, to surrender what they doubtless held to be the last chance of obtaining a mitigation of the severe conditions. Indeed, they may have thought as they signed away the military power of the Porte in Europe that some of the conditions might be found inadmissible by other nations, and that possibly Turkey might reap some advantage from the complications likely to arise.

Certainly it is only through a general war among the powers of Europe that Turkey can ever hope to regain her place among nations. At present she is humiliated to the earth. Not only is her exchequer exhausted and her armies destroyed, but her territory is despoiled, and the conquerors encamped under the very gates of her capital. The village of San Stefano itself is a place utterly out of harmony with the important business which was transacted there. Formerly a poor and shabby little fishing village situated on the seaward verge of the bare undulating wild that slopes toward the Marmora, it has grown of recent years into a smart and jaunty-looking suburb, the summer resort of certain classes of people from Constantinople. In the hot months it gathers to it the Greeks and Armenians of the lower middle classes to enjoy its beach, its bathing, its cafés on the sea, and the adjacent tea-gardens in the bosquet of Floria. Latterly, it is said, a few well-built houses have given a varnish of respectability to the appearance of the place; but otherwise, if we may believe the accounts of European visitors, it is a mere knot of ill-made doll houses, whose crooked walls are all ablaze with the glare of blue and red and yellow paint. In summer the streets present a pleasant appearance, especially on holidays, when they are filled with troops of pleasure-seekers. In winter, however, it is as damp and dreary and deserted as any second-rate watering-place whence the gay troupe which inhabit it a few weeks in the year have summarily fled. Mariners know San Stefano by its light-house—the great far-shining beacon whose light meets and mingles with that on Marmora Island, forty miles away. Sportsmen know it by the flight of quails attracted to its spreading uplands in summer. Formerly history knew it not, but henceforth it will be famous as the place where the treaty was signed which concluded the war of 1877–78 between Russia and the Ottoman Empire.

The house which was occupied by General Ignatieff at San Stefano, and in which the treaty was actually signed by himself and Safvet Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, is shown on page 309. The larger engraving represents the interior of the apartment where the plenipotentiaries met, and the scene at the moment of their signing the treaty. "It was," says a correspondent, "an elegantly furnished room, about twenty-five feet square, upholstered in blue with yellow flowers and stripes, and carpeted with the produce of the looms of Smyrna in green and red. Porcelain vases of evergreens stood in each window. At the opposite side of the room from the windows was a divan, in front of which stood a large table covered with maps. General Ignatieff and M. De Nelidoff took their seats with their backs to the window, so that they could scrutinize every play of feature which at this supreme moment must surely break through the impassive stolidity of the two representative Turks commissioned to ratify the defeat of their nation and its consequences. Safvet Pasha sat on Ignatieff's right, there being a small round table before these two functionaries. Sadoullah Bey was near the centre of the room in a large fauteuil bordered with heavy gilt fringe. The other occupants of the room were Prince Tzereteleff, M. Basil, and the Turkish secretary. When all was ready, General Ignatieff and Safvet Pasha signed simultaneou... ment on his hand ... manner, the Russi... then took the othe... the Treaty of San ...

The 3d of Mar... treaty was signed, ... the annals of Russi... this date in our ... 19th of February. ... Czar of Russia, as...

Prince Tzereteleff, General Ignatieff's Secretary. Turkish Secretary. M. Basil, Russian Secretary. Sadoullah Bey, Safvet Pasha's ...

SIGNING THE TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN RUSSIA ...

Pasha's S[...] Safvet Pasha. General Ignatieff. M. Nelidoff.

[R]USSIA [AN]D TURKEY AT SAN STEFANO, NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.

[...]ultaneou[...] is hand[...] [...]e Russi[...] the othe[...] of San S[...] of Mar[...] signed, [...] of Russi[...] in our c[...] [F]ebruary. [...]ussia, as[...]

[...]atter holding the docu-[...]ote, after the Turkish [...]g on the table. Each [...] and signed again, and [...]was completed." [...] day upon which the [...]already memorable in [...]ording to the Old Style, [...] corresponds with the [ALEX]ANDER II., the present [...]he throne on the 19th of February, and on the same day of the year 1861 he signed the famous edict which emancipated twenty millions of serfs. Every time the day comes round the subjects of the Czar seem to look for some important announcement, and this year expectation was naturally more keenly alive than usual. A month had passed since an armistice had been arranged with Turkey, and it was known that the plenipotentiaries of the two powers were busy arranging a treaty of peace. Finally the conviction became established in the mind of the public that this important document would be signed on the 19th; but when the morning dawned, however, and the inhabitants of the Russian capital eagerly scanned their morning journal, it was only to find a complete absence of all telegrams from San Stefano. The disappointment was general, and the newspapers shared it, as is evinced by the following paragraph taken from the *Golos*: "The general expectation that on the memorable day of the 19th of February the conclusion of peace with Turkey would be announced is not destined to be satisfied. The negotiations which are being carried on at San Stefano are extremely complicated. Each point of the conditions raises a host of questions. It is, of course, impossible to hasten for the sake of effect the signing of the treaty. The questions raised are of such essential importance that each of them requires the exchange of several telegrams with the government in St. Petersburg."

Complicated as the negotiations were, and notwithstanding the necessary exchange of telegrams, the inhabitants of St. Petersburg were not to be disappointed of their new cause for rejoicing. The day had worn itself out, and the hope of news from the seat of war was about relinquished, when suddenly the booming of a gun was heard, and intelligence was received from a certain source that the peace had been signed. This source was none other than a telegram addressed to the Czar by his brother, the Grand Duke NICHOLAS, and dated San Stefano, February 19, 5 P.M.: "I have the happiness of congratulating your Majesty on the signing of the peace. God has enabled us to finish the great work undertaken by you. On the day of the emancipation of the peasantry you have emancipated the Christians from the Mussulman yoke."

This telegram had been received at the capital about eight o'clock, and by nine a great crowd had assembled before the palace, cheering lustily and singing "God Save the Czar." In a short time his Imperial Highness made his appearance at the gates, and, stepping into a close carriage, drove off amid vociferous cheering to the theatre, where an enthusiastic ovation awaited him. At San Stefano and Constantinople the news was received by the populace with the sullen gloom peculiar to the Turk; but the Russian army supplied even more than the necessary enthusiasm. Shortly after the signing the Grand Duke NICHOLAS, after passing down the lines, assembled about him all the officers and as many men as possible. In a few well-chosen words he informed them that peace was arranged, that his brave troops even now stood at the gates of Constantinople, and henceforth he hoped that the two nations would be good friends. The Emperor had fought to protect the Christians, but now all difficulties had been arranged, and practically the war was over. As soon as the address was concluded, the troops responded by cheering and throwing their caps in the air. When quiet was restored, the "Te Deum" was sung, after which they quietly dispersed.

There can be no doubt that in the treaty signed at San Stefano Russia has adjusted her difficulties with Turkey to her own satisfaction; but that the vexed "Eastern question" is any nearer a final settlement it is difficult to believe. Certainly the object for which Russia, according to her own statement, went to war, viz., that of liberating the Bulgarians, has been most successfully accomplished; but that she will be allowed to maintain the advantages stipulated in the remarkable document designed to form the basis of peace between herself and the nation she has conquered, is scarcely to be looked for. Certainly, if we may judge from the attitude of Austria and the recent action taken in England, the chances of a peaceful conclusion to the discussion now in progress are exceedingly small. The full text of Lord SALISBURY's circular had not reached St. Petersburg or Vienna at the time of this writing, but judgments on telegraphic summaries thereof show that its tenor is very well understood. At St. Petersburg it is regarded as proof that the Congress could not have succeeded if it had met in the spirit of this circular. At Vienna the effect is so satisfactory as to almost compensate for the failure of the Congress negotiations.

The present situation is undoubtedly one to tax to the uttermost the ingenuity of Russian statesmen. The abhorrence of the treaty felt by Austria is an established fact, and certainly the circular of Lord SALISBURY shows as little of the spirit of conciliation and compromise as any document that ever emanated from the court of St. James's. There is scarcely one of the cherished projects of Russia to which this remarkable circular does not object. If Bulgaria may not receive an expanse of territory, Constantinople be isolated, and Epirus and Thessaly be reconstructed, and, above all, the treaty of 1856 not departed from, Russia may certainly be excused if she begins to wonder for what purpose her armies have crushed those of Turkey and her pickets established themselves under the walls of Constantinople.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S APRIL DAY.

Once I was an April-fool—
Ah, what pleasant folly!
Thirty years ago to-day,
Happy, handsome, young, and gay,
I met little Mollie Grey—
Darling little Mollie!

What was it I said to her
In that spring-time's glory?
What was it she said to me?
"*Thee I love, and only thee:*"
Could I know her love would be
But an April story?

Never mind; the dream was sweet—
Sweet beyond all measure;
Though by her true love was slain,
Though she fooled me, I would fain
Be thus fooled and fooled again,
For the sad sweet pleasure.

Thirty years ago!—and I
Can too well discover
That I'm growing old and stout,
That my hair is coming out;
But there is not any doubt
I'm still Mollie's lover.

And if she should see these lines,
Here's my true love's testing,
Here's the end of April strife:
She may fool me all my life,
If she'll only be my wife,
And turn to truth her jesting.

A SCRUPLE OF CONSCIENCE.

I.

"Elizabeth, where is the paper? It was on the table this morning. I wish you would give it to me when you are done with it."

The young lady addressed was at the farther end of the room, busily tracing grotesque figures on the sheet of paper intended for a letter. At the sound of the question she only bent her head more closely over her work, but after a moment put it aside with an impatient gesture, and crossed over to the window. It was a long narrow window, as far distant as possible from the other occupant of the room. Outside, the fading light showed only the yellow elm leaves fluttering slowly down through the still air. Elizabeth's young stately figure, rising against the light, was shut in by the narrow window-frame like a full-length panel picture.

Her grandmother looked at her for a moment, and then repeated, impatiently, "Elizabeth!"

At this second summons she turned her head slightly. "Well, grandmother?"

"Come over here where I can speak to you. Did you not hear me ask you what you had done with the paper?"

"I have not done any thing with it."

"Now, child, what nonsense! You are as forgetful as an old woman. Of course you have done something with it; there has been nobody else here. You are not very dutiful in leaving me to look for it myself."

"I don't leave you to look for it. If you will move a little, I can take it out from under the cushion where you hid it a while ago."

Mrs. Lee started and glanced nervously up at her granddaughter, colored a little, and then tried to laugh.

"Dear! dear! dear! just to think how forgetful I am growing! Now I must have been dreaming when I did that. You must never leave me, or I shall lose every thing I have in the world. Ah, well, old folks must be old, and young people must have patience with them."

She glanced cunningly up in her granddaughter's face as she spoke, and meeting there no sympathy, but only a hard, incredulous look, she burst into tears, and began to bemoan herself feebly:

"She thinks I did it on purpose—my own daughter's child that I brought up from a baby. Oh, if your mother had only lived, I should have had somebody to love me! A church member all my life, and any girl thinks she can teach me. Go away, go away and read your Bible, child, and learn how to respect the aged. When you are old and used up, you'll know what it is to have your nearest kin against you. You'll know what it is to be neglected by them that are strong—to make mistakes: the young do that sometimes too."

Elizabeth had stood perfectly unmoved until this last sentence reached her, and then her face changed quickly. She came to her grandmother's side with a strange mixture of humility and distrust.

"Forgive me, grandmother. I know I can not tell how things seem to others, and that I am hard and suspicious often, unjust perhaps. Forgive me. I will try to understand—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mrs. Lee, eagerly, "I'll forgive you, dear. You know I didn't mean it, Lizzie. The paper slipped down there somehow; I didn't put it there. It was all an accident. Why should I put it there, and want to make you hunt for it? All I've got is for you, Lizzie—all for you some time. You'll remember that I'm old, and don't always know what I'm doing."

Elizabeth drew her dress away from the detaining hand and stepped back, with the same distrustful look in all its intensity shining out of her eyes again. She waited, as if to be sure that she had control of herself, while the old lady said, peevishly, "Well, child, what now?"

"You know I do not like to be called Lizzie. I do not like pet names. I would rather you called me Elizabeth."

Mrs. Lee raised herself and stared at her granddaughter. "You took up that idea when you were only ten years old, and haven't you dropped it yet? Lizzie, Bessie, Beth—nothing would suit you but that long old-fashioned Elizabeth. It's a good name, and a proud-sounding one, to be sure. My mother and my grandmother had it before me, and so had your own mother. But why a young girl like you— How your fancies stick to you, child! You're neither like your mother nor father to look at; but as for your nature, the Lord knows where that came from."

"Perhaps He does, but I know too," said Elizabeth. "Every body says that I am very like you, grandmother."

She laughed as she spoke, with her handsome face set in an unutterable self-scorn and self-aversion.

"How irreverent you are, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Lee, slightly shocked. "But as to the likeness, I don't know; perhaps it's there. She leaned forward, studying her granddaughter's face critically and complacently. She had forgotten about the hiding of the paper, and with it her weakness and peevishness. All the old dignity came back to her face that sat so well on it. There was still a high color in her cheeks, a brightness in her eyes. Strangers always said, "What a handsome old lady!" So she sat looking at the girl who had inherited her face, and perhaps her nature. "I used to be a beauty, my dear, when I was as young as you. That is so long ago that it is no vanity to speak of it now. Perhaps it makes you vain, though, if people talk like that. But I do think you look like me, and if you've taken the Lee nature along with the face, so much the better. They were made of iron, all that family were, and could bear every thing and never wince."

Elizabeth had avoided this inspection uneasily at first; now she looked steadily into her grandmother's face, as if she were studying her own features in a looking-glass. And as she looked, the young face seemed to change and to take on the mask of age, while the old face softened and grew youthful, till, line for line and feature for feature, the two countenances reflected each other.

Elizabeth started up passionately. "Yes, it is true. I have that nature, and when I am old it will work its way out; I can no more fling it away or get rid of it than I can the face they think I am vain of. It will work its way out, and it will work its way *down* to innocent children as well. What have I done that I should have been born to it? There is no truth in any of us—we all love a lie better than the truth."

"Elizabeth, are you crazy? What are you talking about?" said her grandmother, in a frightened tone; and then the same cunning, furtive look crossed her face again. "Elizabeth dear, you were so excited you didn't hear the door-bell ring. Dr. Western must be down stairs and waiting for you. It rung some minutes ago—just see what you have missed. You'll go right down and see him, won't you, dear?"

All the excitement died out of Elizabeth's face, and her voice was low and stern, as she answered: "Dr. Western is not down there, and the door-bell did not ring. You did not even think you heard it. But I will leave you if you wish me to. You need not be afraid that I will tell you the truth."

With these last bitter words she went straight to the door. The old lady opened her lips to reply indignantly, but sank back in her chair with a relieved expression as the last fluttering of her granddaughter's dress vanished in the door.

Meanwhile Elizabeth went across the hall and up the broad low staircase, her hands still trembling with the passion that had been stirred up in her. Before she reached the top step the door-bell rang sharply through the house—no feigned sound this time. She hesitated, looked longingly behind her, and clung to the stair railing as if she needed to oppose her inclinations by some bodily force. Her long soft dress clung around her figure like the drapery of a statue, noble in simplicity of outline. A wonderful tenderness dawned in her face, and like the sunset outside faded away, as, after a moment's irresolution, she steadily set her face upward again.

Going into one of the rooms that opened from the landing, she said, without stopping for second thoughts, "Aunt Lucy, I am not very well to-night, and I think Dr. Western is here. Would you please see him for me, and tell him that I can not come down to-night?"

Her aunt turned round, revealing a grave, pleasant face that wore an expression of considerable surprise.

"My dear! Not come down to see Hugh? He will cure your headache for you, if it is a headache."

"No, I can not see him," repeated Elizabeth, monotonously. "Would it trouble you too much to tell him so?"

"No; but it will trouble him to hear it. I think he will claim his rights as a doctor to give you a prescription, and observe its effects in person. I am sorry you are not feeling well, dear child. Seriously, will it not be better to let Dr. Western try what he can do for you?"

The color suddenly deepened in Elizabeth's face, and a troubled look came into her eyes.

"I did not mean to say I was sick—" she began, and then broke off desperately. "Dear Aunt Lucy, please tell him only that I can not come down."

"With your love, I presume, you mean?" said her aunt, smiling, and turning with her hand on the door.

"Do not tell him that. I have not the right to send any such message."

"No right to send your love to your promised husband, my dear?"

"Hugh knows that I loved him or he would not have been my promised husband. I mean I can not say any thing about love; I am not worthy even to take the word on my lips. Oh, auntie, auntie, is it any help when one does wrong that they suffer for it?"

"I will take your message to Dr. Western, Elizabeth," said her aunt, gently, "and when I come back you must tell me what is troubling you so. He will come again to-morrow night; you will be well enough to see him then, will you not?"

"I will see him then," said Elizabeth, avoiding the word "well," and again flushing deeply.

Her aunt was only gone a few minutes. When she returned she drew Elizabeth to the low comfortable window-seat, where there was still light enough to see each other's face, and said, cheerfully, "Well, dear, Hugh sends you his love, at all events. Now tell me what this great trouble is about. Are you only sick, or do you fancy that you have committed the unpardonable sin?"

"Auntie," said Elizabeth, abruptly, "I will tell you if I can about it; but I want first to ask you some questions, if I may."

"Surely, love. Any thing that you wish."

"You know you are not really my aunt, Aunt Lucy, though you have been as kind and patient with me always as if you had been."

"As fond of you at least, Elizabeth."

"Yes, yes, I know it," said the girl, the tears starting to her eyes. "I know it, and I only spoke of it because, not being really my aunt, you might not have known the people I wanted to ask about. Did you ever see my grandmother's mother—my great-grandmother, you know?"

"Yes, I have seen her often, and knew her well. She did not die till after you were almost old enough to remember her yourself."

"Then will you tell me something about her?"

"What do you want to know, dear?" said Aunt Lucy, a troubled expression crossing her face.

"Tell me," said Elizabeth, passionately—"tell me whether she was at all like my grandmother. Did she live such a life that in her old age she loved falsehood better than truth? Did she find it easier to overreach and mislead people than to deal honorably with them? Did she deliberately plan deceits and live by them till her weakness was no longer able to conceal them, and every stranger was free to stop and look at the spectacle?"

"My child, your grandmother is old, and scarcely responsible for what she does. You must have patience with her."

"I do have patience, I do try to excuse her. But, when all is said, I *know* she could not get into such a state, however irresponsible now, without having herself prepared the way for it when she was responsible."

"She could not, Elizabeth, it is true. But neither you nor I can tell how far people may be monomaniacs on one subject, even before they have been weakened by old age. Our knowledge of the manner in which the physical sins of the parent are visited upon the child is slight enough, but of the transmission of moral deformities we know almost nothing, nor of the degree in which those so burdened are blamable. I may have done wrong, Elizabeth, in not speaking to you of this before. It might have led you to think of your grandmother more gently and forgivingly. It is sad to tell you of such things, dear child, while your own life is bright and innocent, but it is better for you to know the truth. Your grandmother's mother was a bad woman, though she always kept an honorable standing before the world. She did this partly through the connivance of friends, partly through the constant watchfulness of her husband, who loved her and suffered through her all his life. Elizabeth, when you think of the one, think always of the other, and set the love and self-sacrifice of the man against the sin of the woman. Your great-grandfather had the noblest, tenderest heart that ever brought light into the darkness of the world, and he believed that no fault, no crime, on the part of his wife gave him the right to forsake her. He set his love as a safeguard between her and the world; and, as far as he might, between her and sin. She seems to have been very much depraved, to have had little or no moral sense, yet how much lower she might have fallen if it had not been for him, only God knows. After his death the worst evil in her seemed to have burned itself out; but she gradually sank into a condition like that of your grandmother at present, only very much worse. She found her amusement in all forms of petty theft and deceit, and was at that time not responsible for any of her actions. This finally ended in insanity; she died insane. It is a sad story, Elizabeth, but if it helps you to see how your grandmother's insincerity is partly an inherited curse, and supplies a reason for showing great forbearance toward her, I shall not be sorry I told you."

"Do not be sorry at all, Aunt Lucy," answered Elizabeth, gently. Her face was very pale, and even the tones of her voice were changed, but something that was like a strong resolution shone out of her eyes. "Please tell me one thing more," she went on; "my own mother—I can not remember her, you know—did she too inherit this tendency from my grandmother, as she herself received it from her mother?"

Her aunt hesitated a moment. "I was afraid you would ask that question, Elizabeth."

"Why should you be afraid? It will not make me think differently of my mother. Only I want the truth now, and the whole truth."

"You shall have it, dear; it is your right. I am afraid, then, that your mother did inherit this tendency, as you rightly call it. But I can give you some comfort there. It was very slight indeed, not nearly so marked as in your grandmother."

"But it might have been if she had lived. She did not live to grow old."

"It might have been, but I do not think it would. I think it grows weaker from generation to generation, and that in your mother's case at least a strong, patient effort would have overcome it."

"I believe she would have made that effort. I do not love her any the less," said Elizabeth, speaking with great difficulty. And then, suddenly breaking down, she hid her face in her hands, murmuring, "My mother! my mother! I think she was glad not to live."

Before her aunt could try to comfort her she spoke again, with that same pathetic gentleness of manner: "Aunt Lucy, you know now what I meant by saying that I was not worthy to send my love to Hugh. When I said that I was sick it was not true at all; I was as well as I ever am. Only I had a reason for not wanting to see him—I mean for not thinking it best to see him. You see I have the curse too. I can not speak the truth even now; I say very often what is not quite true. But I will try to do what you said my mother could have done. I will try to overcome it before I am old. Only, only"—she murmured this in a lower tone—"if I fail, I must fail alone. No one else must have the burden and the disgrace."

"My child," exclaimed her aunt—"my dear love, you are utterly mistaken. I have been with you since you were a very little child. I have watched most carefully for the first signs of what you speak of, and I have never seen them. I believe, though your face is your grandmother's, that you take your heart and your innocent life from that noble man I have told you about, your great-grandfather. I do surely believe that with you this sad legacy has come to an end. That slight fault you speak of, if it is a fault, is one common to all people, and not at all a special visitation upon you. Those who love truth most deeply have often honest and right cause to conceal from others feelings and motives which are theirs only, and sacred from every one else in the world."

"Auntie," interrupted Elizabeth, "you do not know how often I have felt that tendency, nor how much I have despised myself for it. Besides, you love me, and you do not see my faults."

"I loved your mother too," said her aunt. But Elizabeth only smiled that same gentle, pathetic smile. With her hands folded thoughtfully, she sat for a while quite silent, while her aunt, looking at her lovingly, thought how like a pure white cameo her face was against the gathering darkness.

Only once more did Elizabeth allude to the subject that evening, and then it was to say, beseechingly,

"Aunt Lucy, when you thought I was uncharitable to my grandmother, I was always harder on myself all the time."

"I know it, darling; but we must be charitable to ourselves as well as others. You have no more right to be unjust to yourself than to any body else. Many people who are morbidly blaming themselves and watching for every shortcoming are really manifesting a very uncharitable spirit, and one they would be heartily ashamed of if it was shown toward any body else. Now, dear, do not think any more about this to-night. To-morrow Dr. Western will be here, and he will exorcise all the spirits, black and gray."

Elizabeth turned away her head quickly. "It is I who need to do something for Hugh, and not he for me."

She did not explain her words, but stood for a moment, with the same tender look of an hour before hovering on her lips, and then laid her hands lightly on her aunt's arm. "At least I shall always have you with me, whatever comes," she said. "And do not be troubled because of any thing you have told me to-night. It will all come right some time."

She took the lamp from the table as she spoke, and went slowly along the hall to her room, while her aunt's eyes followed her through tears that made the light gather like an aureole around her sweet head.

The next day, when afternoon came, Elizabeth did not wait to be summoned by her lover's ring, but went out into the garden where she could meet him before he reached the house. It was a quaint, old-fashioned garden, with paths bordered by late autumn flowers, inclosing the entire front of the house, and then running off to the left in an irregular parallelogram. A walk ran the entire length of it on one side, and was overhung by a row of elm-trees. Outside and close to the wall grew masses of golden-rod and purple asters.

As Elizabeth paced up and down this walk the yellow elm leaves dropped softly on her bare head, and the shadows from the branches kept moving dreamily across the path. After walking the length of the garden several times, she stopped and gazed absently off to the sombre pine woods that skirted the hills. From where she stood no one could approach the house without seeing her; but still, though it could have been no surprise, she did not turn when a quick, firm step came up behind her. Dr. Western took her hand and playfully turned her round.

"You are looking toward the north, Lizzie," he said. "Let me set your face to the sunny south instead. I know you do not like the winter."

No protest against the pet name from his lips, but neither did her face light up with any answer to the gladness in his own. There was a coldness about it, almost a sternness, that was habitual with her whenever she was trying to repress any strong feeling.

She repeated vaguely his words: "Yes, to the north, from where the winter is coming," and then looked earnestly up in his face. It was a powerful face, even a proud one, in spite of its great love; and she sighed to think how soon that pride must be turned against herself. It was very hard to say what she had to say, but he helped her unconsciously by expressing his gladness at finding her able to see him to-day.

Elizabeth looked up at him, and said, quietly, "I was not sick at all, Hugh. I told Aunt Lucy to say so, I know, but it was because I did not think it best to see you yesterday."

Her lover looked utterly amazed. How could he guess at the agony of the heart that was sending such composed, indifferent words to the lips? Naturally the slight insincerity escaped his no-

tice in his astonishment at the manner of her speech. If she had meant that she did not want to see him, it seemed to him that she could hardly have expressed it more clearly.

But he was not a man to be intolerant of contradictory moods in another, and after one surprised glance of inquiry at the handsome face that seemed intentionally averted from him, he only answered, gently, "Then I am glad that you were not sick, and more glad that the reason which kept you from me is not in force to-day."

She made no reply, but turned to continue her walk. Dr. Western kept by her side in silence for a few moments, watching the graceful uncovered head and noble figure, wondering at the fancy which kept her lashes drooping so closely over the white soft cheek all the while that the beauty of sunset was deepening around them. He tried to take her hand and lay it on his arm, but she resisted the movement. Her face flushed deeply several times, though seemingly from no consciousness of his presence.

In truth, never were two people farther from comprehending each other. Dr. Western only felt half offended and wholly bewildered by her haughtiness of manner, while she in her morbidness believed that the few words she had spoken had made him understand the sin of which she held herself guilty, and that he was secretly despising it, while his sense of honor, and perhaps his pity for her, kept him from condemnation. She supposed her grandmother's story to be more widely known and better remembered than it really was, and did not know that she had given him small clew to what was passing in her mind. The grave gentleness of his tone only increased the humiliation which swept over her in wave after wave of pain.

A few more turns up and down the walk with her hands clasped tightly in front of her, and then she could bear it no longer. As they came to the path leading to the house, she stopped suddenly, and said, "Dr. Western, I had something I wanted to say to you, or I should not have been out here to-day." Drawing the ring from her finger, she laid it in his hand, and went on: "It was this, that I think our engagement a mistake—I mean I am sure it could not make you happy, and I am sure you must feel it to be so after to-day. I do not attempt any excuse; I ought never to have entered into it. If you have felt any pity for me this afternoon, as I believe you have, show it by releasing me and sparing me any discussion on the subject."

Her heart was throbbing so that no more words were possible, her whole strong will was scarcely able to keep the quivering from her lips, the whiteness from her cheeks; but he, looking down at her, saw nothing but the hard rigid lines of the beautiful face, heard nothing but the coldness and composure of her tone. Her allusion to his pity he took to mean that she believed he had seen her unsuccessful struggle to love him, and was sorry for her, all the while that he was ungenerously bent on holding her to her promise as long as it was possible to do so. And all his manhood and pride rose up against being so judged. There was no softness, no friendly affection even, in her manner, to make him doubt this interpretation. He could not know that she was utterly unable to use any sign of tenderness and yet be true to her purpose.

He stood looking down at her, the woman whom he loved, and whom, an hour before, he had expected to claim as his wife, and then, in words as few and quiet as her own, gave her the release she desired, touched her hand for a moment, while expressing a hope that she would acquit him of blame, for he had been utterly blind to what she had revealed that afternoon; and then he was gone. Even as he had misunderstood her, so she misunderstood him. Believing that his last words referred to the fault she had confessed, it nearly broke her heart to think that he could answer her with so much coldness and so little compassion. It was right that he should leave her—she herself had wished for that—but why could he not speak one word of friendliness, knowing the lonely life that lay before her?

Its effect was not to rouse her pride, but to send her into the house feeling herself a sinner above all other sinners, since even love itself could find no excuse or encouragement for her.

Yes, there was one love that could do both, one that would never forsake her. Her aunt's voice brought a quick memory of their conversation the night before, of the gentleness that had strengthened her, and been blind to her faults all these long years. That affection, so long lightly held, she laid to her heart now in its hour of suffering, and concealed her own pain as best she could, that it might cast no shadow upon that kind face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A RECENT number of *Nature* furnishes an abstract of an article from Dr. FRITZ MÜLLER, of Southern Brazil, in regard to a gigantic animal known as the minhocao, and which is so entirely subterranean in its habits as to be known almost wholly by the ridges of earth which it throws up, and the destruction which it causes in overthrowing rocks, large trees, etc. It appears like a gigantic mole, and from the size of the furrows which it ploughs in the ground it is estimated at from six to nine feet in diameter, its length being a matter of uncertainty. Instances claimed to be thoroughly authenticated are mentioned where large rocks have been overturned, giant trees uprooted, and even dwelling-houses shattered from their foundations. The natives speak of it as a huge earth-worm, although it is very likely to be, if any thing, an edentate. A smaller species of this animal, covered with armor or plates, and more or less subterranean, is common in South America.

It is stated that in Nicaragua there is the same impression as to the existence of a gigantic subterranean monster, producing precisely the same effects as are referred to by Dr. MÜLLER, and like it in its ploughing up the ground, diverting the course of streams into fresh channels, and turning dry land into bottomless morasses.

The death of Professor C. F. HARTT, the director of the Geological Survey of Brazil, by yellow fever, at Rio, on the 18th of March, is a severe shock to his many friends in the United States, who have watched his progress as a man of science, and especially that portion covered by his connection with the Brazilian government. In this work he had associated with him Messrs. RATHBUN, DERBY, CARPENTER, and BRUNNER, the first-mentioned, however, having returned to the United States in February.

The party had been busily occupied for the last eight months in translating the reports into the Portuguese tongue, and having them ready for publication. A sufficient number of memoirs had been completed to form a considerable volume, with illustrations.

The industry of the commission had brought together a vast amount of material in the way of recent and fossil animals, plants, geological specimens and antiquities, the latter series being very copious, and promising to furnish important suggestions in regard to the early man of South America.

It is well known that in Norway the fisheries are fostered with great care by the government, which exercises a paternal supervision over the whole subject. Its explorations into the natural history of the inhabitants of the ocean, prosecuted by government officers, have proved of the utmost value. An additional instance of its care is shown in the recent establishment of a telegraph line of 200 kilometers, or 124 miles, in length, composed chiefly of submarine cables, by means of which the entrance of a school of herring upon any part of the coast is immediately communicated throughout its entire extent, and the fishermen are thereby enabled to concentrate their efforts in a comparatively few hours. The fickleness of the herring of late years renders this particularly important, as the presence of the only considerable schools of fish on the coast has been heretofore frequently ascertained too late to profit by it.

The fourth volume of the United States Geological Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel, in charge of CLARENCE KING, Esq., has been published, rapidly following Volume II., on Descriptive Geology, recently mentioned.

The entire series is now complete, with the exception of the volume on geology and physical geography, by Mr. KING, and those on the fossil vertebrates, by Professor O. C. MARSH.

Volume IV. contains papers on the fossil invertebrates, by Professor MEEK, Professor HALL, and Mr. WHITFIELD, and a report on the ornithology of the regions traversed, by Mr. ROBERT RIDGWAY.

It is said that if plants intended for herbaria are first dipped in a solution of salicylic acid and alcohol, the flowers on drying will retain their natural color.

We have already referred to the announcement of the Summer School of Natural History under the direction of the Peabody Academy at Salem. A marine zoological laboratory, under the direction of Messrs. EMERTON and MINOT, has been planned for the purpose of serving as an auxiliary to this school, which will be placed on the outer shores of Salem Neck, within reach of pure salt-water, and will be provided with the necessary furniture, instruments, aquaria, boats, and fishing apparatus. The laboratory will open on the 1st of June, and continue at least three months.

It is not often that we are called upon to chronicle a loss to science in the death of an Asiatic. We have now an instance in the death of SULHIZ KURZ, the curator of the herbarium of the Calcutta Botanic Garden. Thoroughly versed in the botany of India, he had just completed a work on the flora of British Burmah. He died at Penang while proceeding to the Malayan Archipelago for a botanical exploration.

The experimental station of Dr. DOHRN at Naples is continually extending its usefulness, numerous students resorting to it from all parts of Europe, and an immense amount of biological work is accomplished. A plan has lately been organized for the publication of a full description of the fauna of the Mediterranean, to consist of a series of monographs prepared by eminent specialists of all nations.

Mr. M. R. OFFICER, of Melbourne, writes to Mr. YOUL that he proposes to continue his efforts to stock Tasmania with English salmon, and that having heard that the California fish is inferior to the denizens of the Tay and the Tweed, he has had no desire to get any supply from that quarter, but intends to rely upon fish procured from Mr. YOUL, and so preserve the species pure and unmixed.

The Academy of Sciences of France has selected Ogden, Utah, as one of the French stations for the observation of the transit of Mercury. Messrs. ANDRÉ and ANGOT have been detailed for the purpose. The sum of $6000 has been supplied by a French gentleman toward the maintenance of the expedition.

It is stated that bees transferred from Europe to Australia continue their industrious habits for the first one or two years only, maintaining during this period the traditions of their race, but that afterward they cease to collect honey, and soon become entirely barren.

The attention of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company in Manitoba has lately been directed toward the possibility of introducing the reindeer into Arctic America as a substitute for dogs. At no time has the reindeer been used in America as a beast of burden, being replaced even in Greenland by the native dog. There is, however, reason to believe that the dog is less serviceable than the deer, especially as it is more difficult to furnish him with food on a distant march; the reindeer, on the other hand, being able to subsist on lichens, moss, etc., while the dog requires animal food.

Should the experiment be successful, it will probably be of considerable importance in connection with the occupation of Arctic America, especially in its western portion.

The series of quarto memoirs of the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Harvard College has been recently enriched by a report by Dr. GEORGE J. ALLMAN, of Edinburgh, upon the hydroids collected during the exploration of the Gulf Stream by Count POURTALÈS, assistant of the United States Coast Survey. This is illustrated by thirty-four plates, and includes an account of many new species.

A second memoir is by Professor LESQUEREUX, upon the fossil plants of the auriferous and gravel deposits of the Sierra Nevada.

The announcement of the intended publication in a short time, by the Smithsonian Institution, of a complete catalogue of the plants of North America, will be hailed with great satisfaction by botanists, on account of the difficulty, away from the great centres of learning, in having a proper understanding of the present condition of American botany. The region covered extends from Greenland and the Arctic Ocean, on the north, to the borders of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The species are enumerated in their systematic sequence, with their synonyma. The work will be published in two parts, the first, on the polyptalæ, constituting a volume of about 480 pages. It covers the ground of Volume I. of TORREY and GRAY'S *Flora of North America*. The title of the work will be, *Bibliographical Index of North American Botany, by* SERENO WATSON.

A VIEW IN SOUTH STREET.

A GLANCE at a map of New York as it was a hundred years ago, when what is now the metropolis of the New World was little more than a flourishing village, will show how far our streets have trenched upon the domain of the rivers on each side. Pearl Street—at least that part of it now known as Franklin Square—was within a block of the shore line, and the name of Water Street, the eastern boundary of the city, was not as inappropriate as it now appears to be. The encroachments on the river were gradual but sure. The made land between Water Street and the river at length afforded space enough for a new thoroughfare—Front Street—which in turn had to give place to South Street as the final boundary along the East River. No further encroachment can be permitted without serious injury to navigation.

South Street, as our illustration shows, is a crowded and busy thoroughfare. On one side are long blocks of warehouses; on the other, wharves, shipping sheds, and ferry-houses. The bowsprits of great ships lying moored at the docks, taking in or discharging cargo, project over the street, piles of merchandise await handling, and heavy carts and drays rumble along in endless processions over the rough cobble-stone with which the street is paved. Looking on this busy scene, it seems almost incredible that only a comparatively short time ago the tide flowed back and forth over the very spot where all this traffic is carried on.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOT long ago an announcement appeared in one of the prominent daily newspapers of this city stating that a pocket-book containing a considerable sum of money had been found, which the owner could have by describing the property, on application at a designated place. The result of this notice was that within the two following days no less than fifty-eight persons applied for this pocket-book, not one of whom, however, described the one which had been found. The fifty-eight lost pocket-books were—according to their owners' stories—of all shapes, sizes, and colors, and contained money in sums varying from four to one hundred dollars, as well as tickets, notes, memoranda, etc. The total amount stated to have been lost by the applicants exceeded $1700, and all within a *few* days. These facts will give some idea of the immense amount of money which must be lost or stolen from pockets or otherwise in the streets, shops, and public conveyances of our city every year. The majority of citizens, as well as numerous strangers, have an experience of their own in this matter, and can tell the story of their personal misfortunes. While many losses are the result of carelessness, pocket-picking is an organized business, against which every one needs to take special precautions. We have seen it stated that there are about four hundred men and women in this city who subsist by thieving in the street cars and stages. They often operate in gangs, and many devices are practiced to distract the attention of victims, and give the opportunity of dextrously investigating pockets. In particular, wherever there is a crowd or a "rush," there are the well-dressed pickpockets watching their chance. The only safe way is to carry little money in your pocket, and to keep your mental eye upon it.

No less than 62,760 letters, exclusive of registered ones, left the New York Post-office by the transatlantic steamers on a recent Saturday. This was one of the largest mails ever sent out from this post-office to cross the ocean.

A recently published report of a visit to the wreck of the *Metropolis*, made by James A. Dumont, Supervising Inspector-General of Steam-Vessels, and Local Inspector James E. Dunbar, throws new light on the causes of that memorable disaster. It appears that a large portion of the starboard side of the ship was found in four pieces, on Currituck Beach, and by a careful examination of this the way in which the repairs had been made was apparent. When new timbers are put into the sides of an old ship between old and decayed ones it is customary to make broken joints, by extending every alternate timber higher than the others, thus to strengthen the unsound timbers. This was not done in the *Metropolis*, but the ends of the new timbers were on a straight line along the water-line of the ship. The heavy freight kept the hold of the vessel almost stationary in the violent gales, and so the strain came upon the decayed portion above the water-line, causing a break between the old and new timbers. The report says:

"As they [the new timbers] were put in, they were simply a sham, and the ship-carpenter who put them in knew it to be so. Whether the owners were cheated or not is not for me to say. But the underwriters' agents who superintended the rebuilding ought to have detected the cheat. Inspectors who subsequently examined her might easily have been deceived as to the strength of the ship, even though her planking was stripped off eight or ten feet, provided it was not taken low enough to show the line of butts of the new timber."

In London the artistic world has been specially interested of late in the exhibition of a collection of Turner's pictures. These are the property of Mr. Ruskin, and much regret is felt that at the very time he is giving lovers of art such a treat, he himself should be so ill. His condition has awakened great interest and sympathy, and visitors to the gallery earnestly inquire for the health of the great art critic.

Few contend against more difficulties in obtaining an education than the blind. Yet sometimes they attain unusual proficiency. A blind man of Chicago has been made doctor of medicine recently. When young he lost his sight in consequence of inflammation of the eyes, but he resolved to study medicine. He has been one of the most promising students in the medical school, and was graduated with high honors. His sense of touch is so acute that he can pick out a volume he wants from his book-case before his "reader" can find it for him. He has made a thorough study of anatomy by means of his fingers, and can dissect nerves with the utmost precision. His sense of hearing is so acute that he can detect sounds within a man's chest which nobody else can hear. He intends to make a specialty of throat and lung diseases, and to confine himself to office practice.

Paris may bestir herself before the Exhibition fairly begins, and increase her means of transport to the grounds. Otherwise there will be a great deficiency of conveyances. It is said that already steamboats, omnibuses, and cabs are crowded with those who go out to view the progress of the Exhibition Buildings. The Champs de Mars is something like three miles from the centre of Paris, and the majority of visitors will prefer not to add walking to the fatigues of sight-seeing.

Now there is to be genuine economy practiced, no doubt, if statements lately made in one of our city daily papers are correct. It is said that among the accounts of the Board of Education for February, 1878, submitted to the Finance Department, was the pay-roll of one of the public evening schools. On this the sum of two cents had been deducted from the pay of Miss N—— for being absent one minute during the month of February. Two other teachers were fined—one twenty-one cents for an absence of ten minutes, and the other ten cents for an absence of five minutes. The auditor returned the pay-roll to the Board of Education with a sarcastic letter, in which, among other things, he wrote: "The time Miss N—— was absent would only justify the deduction of $1\frac{666}{1000}$ cents from her salary, and I think the city should waive the fraction rather than claim more than the exact penalty. The deductions from the pay of Messrs. F—— and C——, for the respective absences of five and ten minutes, are also in excess of the correct amounts. While the Finance Department is at all times alive to the interests of the tax-payers, it has also its duties to the employés of the city, and while the pay-roll in the particular instances referred to tends in the direction of economy, it is at least arithmetically wrong, and consequently unjust."

The second annual bench show of dogs, under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, will be held in May. Only 940 dogs will be received, so that the crowding noticeable last year will be avoided.

An exchange truthfully and pathetically assures us that

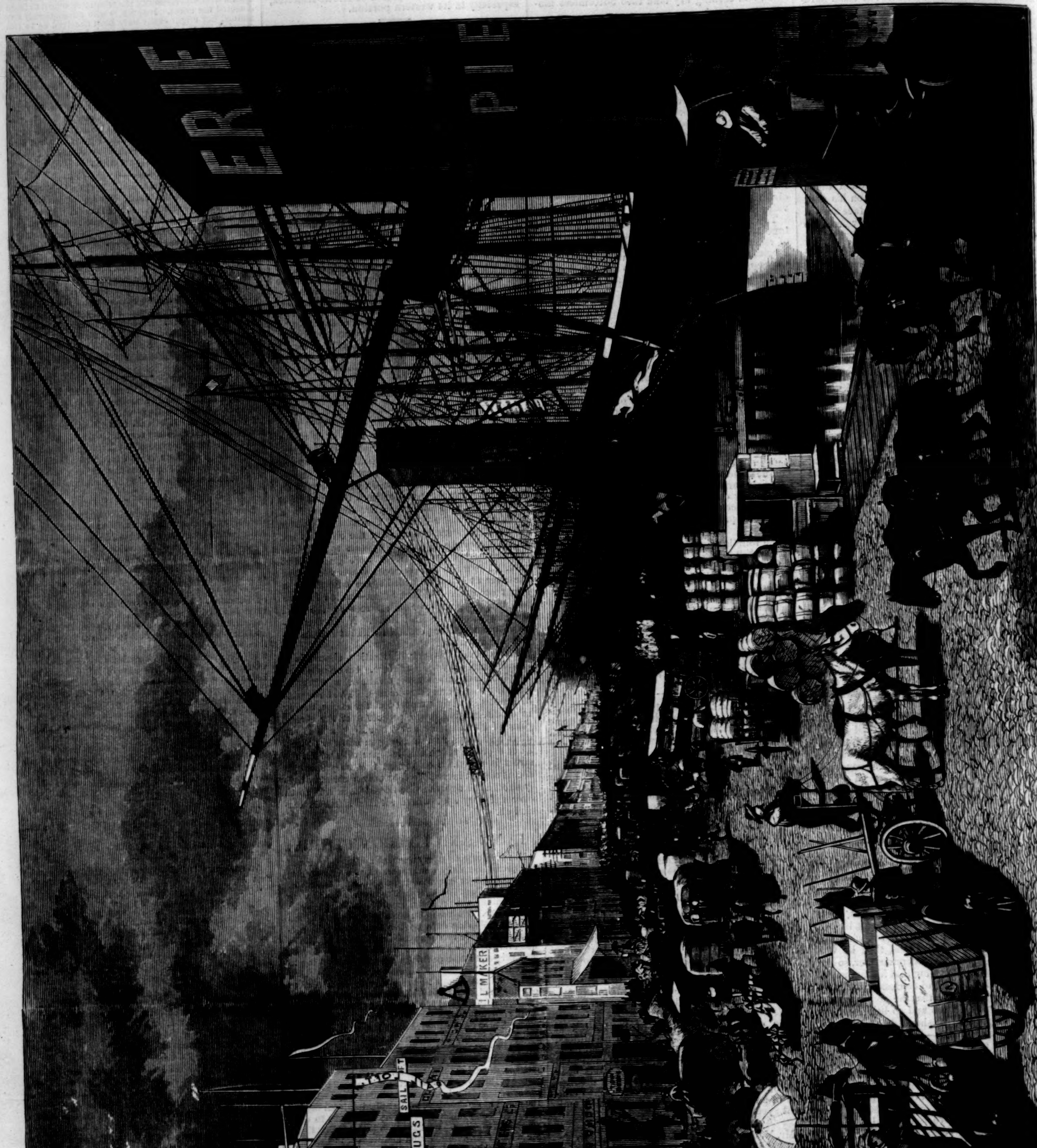
"There is no town, however watched and tended,
But one dead bank is there;
There is no safe, however well defended,
But needs still greater care."

In 1874 about 5,000,000 young shad were turned loose in the river by the superintendent of the North River shad-hatching establishment; consequently, as these are now of an age to return, a large "catch" is anticipated this season. The first shad of the season was taken in the Hudson, off Weehawken, on March 12—remarkably early. Shad arrive at the mouths of Southern rivers much earlier. The "catch" in the Connecticut River begins about the 1st of April, and the fish excel all others in size and quality.

Disasters at Niagara Falls have begun early in the season. On April 1 two men attempted to cross above the Horseshoe Falls in a boat. When half-way over it was noticed that they were in trouble, as if an oar was broken. They were too far down for any assistance to be rendered, and they went over the Falls just outside of the Three Sister Islands.

In the cities of Albany and Troy successful efforts have been made in behalf of the starving people of China, and considerable sums have been forwarded for their relief. The funds sent are to be distributed by the American missionaries at Shanghai.

Details concerning the marriage of Lord Rosebery, as they have appeared in London journals, vary somewhat. The *Daily News*, which purports to be correct, in describing the costume of the bride, remarks: "The veil alone, which, descending from a coiffure of orange blossoms, covered the skirt of a pearl white duchesse satin even to its flounces, is said to have cost 700 guineas, as well it might, seeing that it was a choice and most elaborate specimen of the finest point d'Alençon, covered with figures of intricate and multifarious design. The flounces as well as trimmings were of the same costly lace; and thus superbly and most becomingly attired, without one solitary jewel—for she had even removed the single-stone brilliant ear-rings which she wore at the Registrar's Office—the Countess of Rosebery was led by Lord Beaconsfield to the communion rails." This was at the religious ceremony, which followed the civil rite. The floral decoration of the reception-rooms and conservatory at the bride's house was extremely handsome, and the parterres of tea-roses, choice orchids, charmingly arranged on green banks of lycopodium and graceful ferns, were the admiration of all the privileged guests. The bride's idea of surrounding the magnificent wedding presents with thousands of tea-roses was a very happy conception. The presents of jewels to the Earl of Rosebery and Miss De Rothschild were divided by banks of lycopodium dotted with gardenias. Nearly 3000 rose blooms were used in the adornment of the mansion, and these beautiful flowers came from all parts of the kingdom.

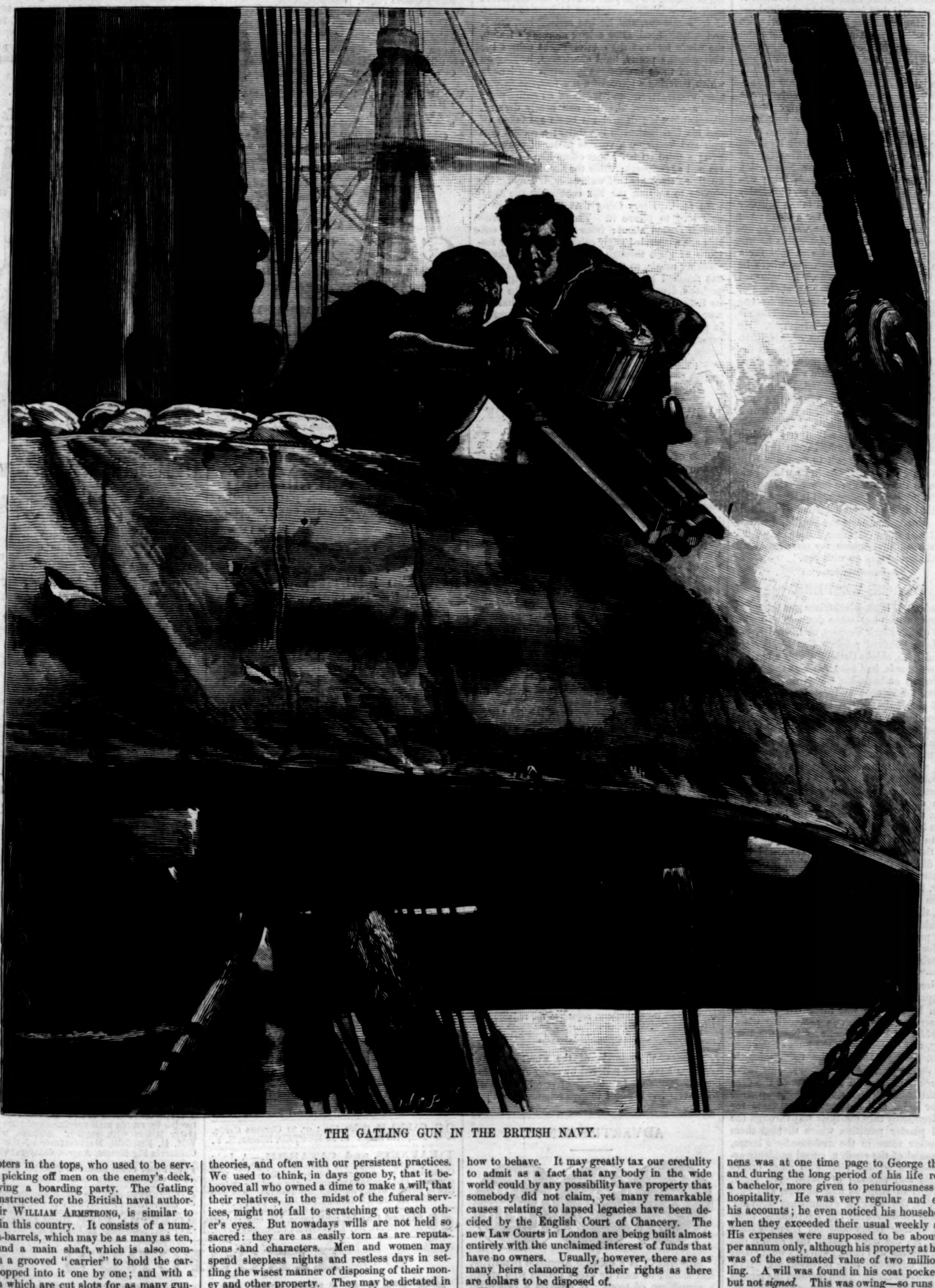


VIEW IN SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by I. Pranishnikoff.—[See Page 315.]

THE GATLING GUN IN THE BRITISH NAVY.

The Gatling gun, named from its inventor, was not adopted by our military authorities until near the close of the great rebellion—too late for its efficiency to be practically tested on a large scale; but without question it is an admirable arm against sudden night attacks, as well as to sweep the flanks of fortifications, bridges, and to clear streets of mobs. It is in general use on our Indian frontier for the defense of military posts. England, Russia, Austria, Turkey, and some other European powers have adopted this gun for field and maritime use.

Our picture illustrates the way in which it is employed in the British navy, displacing the sharp-shooters in the tops, who used to be serviceable in picking off men on the enemy's deck, or destroying a boarding party. The Gatling gun, as constructed for the British naval authorities by Sir William Armstrong, is similar to that used in this country. It consists of a number of gun-barrels, which may be as many as ten, fixed around a main shaft, which is also combined with a grooved "carrier" to hold the cartridges, dropped into it one by one; and with a cylinder in which are cut slots for as many gun-locks as there are barrels to be fired. The whole of this apparatus is raised or lowered, or moved to the right or left, by working a handle at the side. There is a drum fixed on the top containing 350 cartridges set in rows; this is so arranged as to be the feeder, by dropping the cartridges in succession into the carrier, from which they are shifted by lock action into the gun-barrels successively brought round with each revolution of the cylinder. The calibre of the gun-barrels is 0.45 inch; they can be charged and fired with great rapidity, discharging five or six shots in a second. This efficient weapon may soon be tested practically in naval warfare if, unfortunately for humanity, England and Russia should go to war.



THE GATLING GUN IN THE BRITISH NAVY.

DISPUTATIOUS HEIRS.

This is the age of tearing down, not the age of building up; of destruction, not of construction. One by one we are parting with our cherished theories, and often with our persistent practices. We used to think, in days gone by, that it behooved all who owned a dime to make a will, that their relatives, in the midst of the funeral services, might not fall to scratching out each other's eyes. But nowadays wills are not held so sacred: they are as easily torn as are reputations and characters. Men and women may spend sleepless nights and restless days in settling the wisest manner of disposing of their money and other property. They may be dictated in the disposition by their best judgment, or by their affection, or by both. They may employ the highest legal talent to draw up a written instrument which they believe will compel their will and wish to be executed, and with a clear head and firm hand sign it, and then go quietly on their way rejoicing, vainly imagining that after death all things will be as they wish. Some day "they wrap the drapery of their couch about them and lie down" to the quiet slumber of death, and then the heavens fall. Chaos and confusion follow, and if any body gets what it was originally intended that he or she should have, it is often by passing through the fiery furnace of affliction called a lawsuit. It is really refreshing—nay, more, positively exhilarating—in the midst of our notoriously contested will cases, to know that there is considerable money unclaimed in different parts of the world, and that there are *some* missing relatives who have to be advertised for, and, better still, are never found, because so frequently when they are found they do not know how to behave. It may greatly tax our credulity to admit as a fact that any body in the wide world could by any possibility have property that somebody did not claim, yet many remarkable causes relating to lapsed legacies have been decided by the English Court of Chancery. The new Law Courts in London are being built almost entirely with the unclaimed interest of funds that have no owners. Usually, however, there are as many heirs clamoring for their rights as there are dollars to be disposed of.

The renowned Jennings estate has been prominently before the public for many years. Occasionally there is a lull, and we do not hear about it for months, then there will appear a paragraph in an Eastern, Western, or Southern journal to the effect that such and such a branch of this numerous family, which seems to be scattered broadcast over our fair domain, is about to take legal action in regard to this vast estate. In fact, all the old ladies among the supposed heirs are perfectly sure, if the younger members of this immense family would take sufficiently energetic measures, England could be compelled to give to the American claimants their just share of these many millions. The late William Jennens, of Acton Place, Suffolk, and of Grosvenor Square, by whom the estates now in dispute were left, attained the great age of ninety-seven, and died in the year 1798. King William the Third was godfather to William Jennens, and among other valuable presents at his baptism a silver ewer from the sovereign was conspicuous. William Jennens was at one time page to George the First, and during the long period of his life remained a bachelor, more given to penuriousness than to hospitality. He was very regular and exact in his accounts; he even noticed his household bills when they exceeded their usual weekly amount. His expenses were supposed to be about £3000 per annum only, although his property at his death was of the estimated value of two millions sterling. A will was found in his coat pocket, *sealed* but not *signed*. This was owing—so runs the tale—to his having left his spectacles at home when he went to his solicitor for the purpose of executing the will. It is stated that by this will the whole of his immense wealth was intended to be totally alienated from the channels into which it

fell. In this case the disposition of no less than two millions' worth of property appears to have been diverted, owing to the intending testator having forgotten his spectacles. From the date of William Jennens's death in 1798 to the present time persons have periodically laid claim to these estates. It has been announced that the Jenningses of Georgia have taken steps to prove their claims to about a third of the borough of Birmingham. It is rumored in England that "Jennens Estate Bonds" have been issued (like the bonds in the Tichborne case) by the Birmingham claimants, so there will doubtless be a collision between the rival American and English claimants before the matter is finally set at rest. Many people are worrying themselves about this case both in this country and in England, and it would certainly soothe their perturbed minds if a speedy and final decision could be obtained.

The following curious case is from a Yorkshire newspaper. Many years ago a Mr. William Swan was found dead in his bed at an obscure lodging in London. He was the only surviving male heir of the late Mr. Alderman Swan, Mayor of Hull, who left estates of the value of £20,000 per annum, or thereabouts, and which the unfortunate heir had been trying in vain for over twenty years to recover. The history of the heir is no less remarkable than that of his father, who when nine years of age, to disinherit him, was abducted from the house of his father (Richard Swan, Esq., of Benwell Hall, near Newcastle), and put on board the *New Britannia* brig; was wrecked on the rocks of Scilly with Sir Cloudesley Shovel's fleet, and was afterward taken prisoner by an Algerine vessel and sold for a slave; but after four years' imprisonment he was set at liberty by the redeeming friars. After this he was again shipwrecked, was carried and sold for a slave to a planter in South Carolina, where he suffered almost every human woe. He returned to his native home in 1726, after an absence of about twenty years, and was identified by one Mrs. Gofton, of Newcastle, his nurse, and Thomas Chance, who had been his father's footman. He directly laid claim to the estates of Alderman Swan, but having neither money nor friends living to assist him, all his efforts proved abortive. After this he settled at an obscure village, North Dalton, near Hull, where he married one Jane Cole, by whom he had one son, the above unfortunate William Swan. He afterward died of a broken heart, at the above village, 1735.

This unfortunate case involved one broken heart. How many have resulted from the Jennings case it would be difficult to compute. Indeed, it is more likely that the heirs will all die of old age, as the estates are now reputed to be worth eight millions sterling, and it is not at all probable that agitation and litigation will speedily cease. Nor is it among the possibilities that John Bull will say to Brother Jonathan, "Take the borough of Birmingham, my son; depart in peace, and my blessing go with you."

BLACK VESPERS.

On October 26, 1623, Blackfriars was the scene of a calamity which has come down to us under the name of the Black Vespers, or Dismal Evensong. Three hundred persons, English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, chiefly Catholics, with a sprinkling of Protestants, had assembled at the house of the French ambassador, Count de Tillier, in Blackfriars, for sermon and service, not in the chapel of the Embassy, but in a chamber occupied by one Father Redyate, a room sixty feet by twenty feet, on the third floor from the ground, substantially built of brick and mortar. Father Drury, a member of a good Norfolk family, and, although a Jesuit, much respected by unprejudiced Protestants, was to be the preacher. A presentiment seems to have shadowed his mind. Although of a lively disposition, he had sat sad and silent all the day before. To the last he had wished to be excused, but was persuaded by his friends to keep his appointment. When he reached the room, a gentlewoman warned him that she did not think it safe, but then it was too late to retract. Clad, according to the custom of his order, in a surplice with a linen girdle, and having on his head a red cap with a white one under it, the father proceeded to a raised chair in the middle of the room, crossed himself, offered silent prayer, and then took his text from the Gospel for the day, Matthew, xviii., emphasizing in particular the last part of the passage he had selected—"I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant?" Protestantism he in some way made out to be the wicked servant. So he was proceeding when, in the midst of his sermon, at 4 P.M., the floor gave way, and crashed, with the bulk of the congregation, through that of the room beneath, down to the ground. A few persons, some twenty or thirty, remained on fragments of the floor which still clung to the walls, "lifting up their hands for help, and beating their breasts for life." Eventually they cut their way through the lath and plaster partition which divided them from another room in the ambassador's house. At the sound of the crash a crowd suddenly assembled—some coming simply to stare, others with spade and pickaxe to assist. All night, by the light of lanterns and torches, and part of next day, the work of exhumation went on. Ninety-nine corpses were dug out; among them those of Father Drury and his friend Father Redyate. As the news spread that such a one and such another was dead, mourners went about the streets bewailing their bereavement. Having first shut up Ludgate, and doubled the guards to keep out the crowd, the Recorder and the sheriffs met at the Embassy to view the place, and a coroner's inquest was held. The verdict they brought in was "accidental death," but rabid Romanists attributed the catastrophe to Protestant conspirators, while rabid Protestants, again, cried, "God's judgment on the idolaters!" For some time afterward the priests in Roman Catholic places of worship in England used, after the benediction, to call for three Paternosters and three Ave Marias "for those who died at Blackfriars."

AN INN IN JAPAN.

The certainty of having a pleasant resting-place after the toil and trouble of the day is one of the charms of pedestrianism in Japan. The "Pied Bulls" and "Red Lions" of English highways make no pretense whatever to any thing beyond the mere satisfying of the animal wants. How very different is it in Japan! From the moment the threshold is crossed to the moment of departure the visitor is the object of unceasing solicitude on the part of every one connected with the establishment, from highest to lowest. If it is mid-day, and he has arrived hot, dusty, and a little tired, after a long morning's tramp, the whole force of the establishment ushers the visitor into a pretty, light apartment, looking on to one of those marvellous miniature gardens in which, covering a space of a few feet, the mountains, woods, rivers, and floods of an entire province are represented. By one neatly dressed, pleasant-looking damsel his boots are taken off and his feet bathed in hot water; a second fans him and keeps up a voluble patter of conversation; a third on her knees offers him refreshing tea and sweetmeats; while the host himself, with another detachment of waitresses, is helping the coolies to unpack the box containing the European food. Every thing that meets the eye is contrived to please it. There are vases with flowers dotted about; from the wood-work outside are suspended gayly colored lanterns, or festoons of glass through which the wind makes a soothing music, so that by the time the traveller has finished his repast, has smoked a pipe, and perhaps drunk a cup of "Saki" with the host, he feels thoroughly refreshed and in capital humor to resume his journey. All this enjoyment is procured at a merely nominal cost, and the present of some bread or European liquor to the house at leaving brings out the whole establishment, who say "Sayonara"—that is, "Good-by"—with their foreheads on the mats.

JEWELS OF THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Scotland, some years since, the Jewels of the Crown were locked in a box, that box in another, and so on, until they were supposed to be burglar-proof. They were then locked up in the vault of the castle, there to remain for one hundred years—the keys being placed in a mortar and fired into the sea. Scarce fifty years passed by, and the modern lock-picker opens the vault and boxes without trouble. So the science of medicine, when studied with the aid of chemistry and the microscope, becomes plain and simple, and diseases that were regarded as incurable a generation ago now readily yield to remedies employed by the modern and progressive physician. A decade of years since, and women were taught to believe that their peculiar diseases and weaknesses were incurable; but now hundreds and thousands of once bedridden women in the United States will testify to the fact that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has effected their perfect and permanent cure.

Toledo, Ohio, *Dec. 6th*, 1876.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir:—About five years since my wife was taken sick, and though we employed the best physicians in the city, yet she gradually grew worse, so that she was confined to the bed. Every remedy I had tried, or could find, failed to cure, or even give relief. At last I procured a bottle of your Favorite Prescription, and, to my surprise, it gave almost instant relief, and with a little perseverance an entire cure was effected.

Ever gratefully yours,

—[*Com.*] Geo. Bodenmiller.

CATARRH AND DR. T. P. CHILDS.

It is now nearly eight years since Dr. Childs first made public his *Catarrh Cure*. It was in a small modest announcement to the effect that *Catarrh was a curable disease*.

The large two-column advertisement in this issue contains matter which will be found interesting to all who are in any way afflicted with Catarrh.

Dr. T. P. Childs gives a very strong description of the disease. The number and character of the certificates, as well as the favorable notices from well-known publishers, who have carefully examined the subject, must dispel every doubt in regard to the reliability of Dr. Childs.—[*Com.*]

Asthma.—Thousands of the worst cases of Asthma have been relieved by using *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy*. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give relief.—[*Com.*]

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SOZODONT is a delicate Aromatic Dentifrice, and should be used by every person who values a sound set of teeth. It imparts a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and prevents the gums from becoming soft and spongy. Eminent Dentists and Physicians both in America and Europe have endorsed it. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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The marvellous instantaneous HAIR STAINER, changes undesirable shades, gray, &c., to not only a dark brown or black, but also a beautiful light brown or blonde. Positively not injurious, as it is the juice of an Indian root. Show it to your physician. Highest testimonials. Price $1 50 and $1 00 per Box, at

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MOOD'S Patent Cage Awning protects and shields the bird. For sale by all cage dealers. Price 60 cents. **DEPOT, 582 Hudson Street, N. Y.**

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DEAFNESS and CATARRH.—A Lady who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

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Fine Black Silk Costumes, $59, $65, $75 to $100.
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is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, and is perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. Taken in accordance with directions, **it will reduce a fat person from two to five pounds per week.**

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50 LARGE MIXED CARDS, with name 13c.; or 40 in case 13c. Outfit 10c. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Conn.

NO MORE Round Shoulders. **O. K. Shoulder Brace** sent everywhere, postpaid, on receipt of $1, with your chest measure. Address J. W. SMITH & CO., 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

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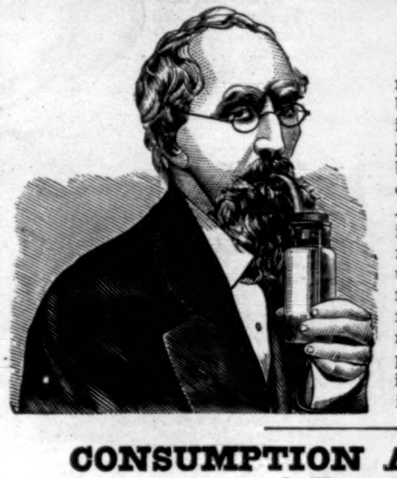
CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

MY EXPERIENCE.



Eighteen years of terrible headache, disgusting nasal discharges, dryness of the throat, acute bronchitis, coughing, soreness of the lungs, raising bloody mucus, and even night sweats, incapacitating me for my professional duties, and bringing me to the verge of the grave—ALL caused by and the results of Nasal Catarrh. After spending hundreds of dollars, and obtaining no relief, I compounded my Catarrh Specific and Cold Air Inhaling Balm, and wrought upon myself a *wonderful cure.* Now I can speak for hours with no difficulty, and can breathe freely in any atmosphere. At the calls of numerous friends, I have given my cure to the public. It is *certain, thorough, and perfect,* and is endorsed by EVERY PHYSICIAN who has examined it. T. P. CHILDS.

CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH!

A True History.

Bronchitis is the legitimate child of Catarrh. Many persons take cold easily, and have frequently a running at the nostrils. The breath sometimes reveals to all the corruption within, while the patient frequently loses all sense of smell. He hacks and coughs, has dyspepsia and liver complaint. There is one other form of Catarrh that I must just refer to. A hard substance forms in the passages, becomes very painful, frequently breaks, and is blown with great pain and difficulty from the nose. In other cases it will eat through and discharge itself by the side of the nose, making a terrible gangrenous sore.

100,000 Die from Consumption.

More than 100,000 die annually from consumption in these United States, and a careful classification has revealed the startling fact that fully 50,000 of these cases were caused by Catarrh in the head, and had no known connection with hereditary causes.

Inhalation the Only Way.

No one medicine can by any possibility cure Catarrh when it spreads, as above described, through the nasal passages, throat, and bronchial pipes. Here lies the secret of the unparalleled success of my treatment. Some of the six excellent Catarrh medicines which I send, or all combined, are sure to follow it into all its hiding-places, search it out and destroy it, no matter where located. If it has taken root where the medicated water cannot reach it, then the *medicated vapor surely will.*

The system of applying medicated inhalation directly to the spot, for all diseases of the air-passages, is now almost universally admitted by the medical fraternity to be the correct system of treatment. A number of regular physicians, after the most careful examination and use, have given their decided approval to my inhalers and inhaling compounds, and my whole mode of treating Catarrh in all its horrid forms.

Physicians' Testimony.

This certifies that the undersigned are acquainted with Dr. T. P. Childs, and believe him to be reliable and truthful; and that his mode of treating Catarrh is scientific, and effectual in breaking up and curing it; and indeed it seems to be the only mode likely to effect a complete cure.

J. H. GREEN, M.D., Troy, O.
JOSIAH REED, M.D., Troy, O.

☞ Either of the above-named physicians can be consulted, by letter or otherwise.

"BY THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

BOSTON TESTIMONY.

William Collier, 63 W. Dedham St., Boston, Mass., writes, under date of Feb. 12, 1877: "My daughter has used your Catarrh Remedy about four weeks, and considers herself well; and I have used it about six weeks, and consider myself half well. In answer to an inquiry from a gentleman as to what I know personally about your Catarrh Remedy, I have said I thank God that I got hold of T. P. Childs' Catarrh Remedy."

MY DAUGHTER IS CURED.

T. P. CHILDS—*Dear Sir:* I should have written to you long ago, to let you know what a great medicine your "Catarrh Specific" is. My daughter is cured. L. P. JAMES.
Crab Orchard, Ky.

LATE TESTIMONIALS.

Your inhaling instruments and Balms have afforded me great comfort. In fact, they have accomplished wonders. When I commenced their use, I was almost totally deaf. In ten days' time I could hear tolerably well, and my hearing is constantly improving. JOHN H. WALLACE.
Gray Hill, Texas, Dec. 22, 1876.

Mr. Gates, of Meadville, Va., says in a recent letter: "I would not take a thousand dollars for the benefit I have derived from your Specific."

FROM THE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

Dr. T. P. Childs—*Dear Sir:* I think you have the true theory and practice for the cure of Nasal Catarrh, and also for the treatment of the respiratory organs. My throat is now so well restored that I lecture daily without difficulty, and I find no difficulty whatever in preaching. You are at full liberty to use my name for the benefit of others.
Yours very truly,
Lincoln, Jan. 17, 1877. EDMUND B. FAIRFIELD, D.D., LL.D.

Under date of September 21, 1877, Mrs. W. D. Lincoln, of York, Neb., writes:

Dear Sir: My health is fully restored. The horrid and loathsome disease is all gone. My lungs feel all right. Mrs. W. D. LINCOLN.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lee, of Concord, Ga., in a letter dated Nov. 4, 1877, says: "I have never paid out money for anything in all my life that has given me *such* satisfaction as your medicines."

What the Press Say of T. P. Childs.

[From Correspondence *Journal and Messenger*, Cincinnati.]

Mr. Childs has been pastor of a church for over thirty years, and, long before his connection with medicine, was widely known in the church for his piety, goodness of heart, and power in the pulpit. Catarrh, in its worst and most offensive form, compelled him to give up his charge, after years of public speaking, and constant use of a voice always strong. After trying all that medicine could do for him, he finally, in despair, attempted his own cure, and, having considerable knowledge of medicine, succeeded beyond hope, and relieved his own sufferings, enabling him to resume public speaking without difficulty.

This wonderful cure became known at once, and Mr. Childs was besieged by others similarly afflicted, until the good man was *compelled* to go into the manufacture of his medicine by the number and frequency of these calls. In answer to the wishes of his friends, Mr. Childs commenced making public his cure through the medium of the press, and, as his business increased, he pushed more largely, until to-day he is one of the most extensive advertisers in the country.

CONGREGATIONALIST, BOSTON.

The following voluntary notice appeared in the Boston *Congregationalist* of Jan. 31, 1877:—

"The publishers of the *Congregationalist*, with multitudes of other people, are somewhat suspicious of patent medicines, as a rule, and when we received the large two-column advertisement that may be seen on another page, we at first declined its insertion; but, on making inquiry, we received such satisfactory replies—and one especially from a well-known Congregational pastor not far from Dr. Childs's, the proprietor of the medicine—that we withdrew our objections.

ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY.

While not supposing that all cases of Catarrh will be cured by the prescriptions advertised, the publishers of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, after DILIGENT INQUIRY, have reason to believe that it has in many cases proved effectual.

His method is recommended by every practitioner to whose notice it has been brought. The cure is certain and scientific.—*Standard*, Chicago, Ill.

CONCLUSION.

Do not trifle with some cheap thing, which at best can afford but temporary relief, while the roots of the vile disease are left to strike deeper and deeper. Be in *earnest* and *thorough*, or do *nothing!* Write at once and say that you saw this in *Harper's Weekly.* Circulars and price-lists, and all necessary information, can be had by addressing (with return stamp)

Dr. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

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$350 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—36 best selling articles in the world; one sample *free.* Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

MONEY. **$5 to $20 a day to Agents,** with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Full particulars free. S. M. Spencer, 112 Washington St., Boston.

fell. In this case the disposition of no less than two millions' worth of property appears to have been diverted, owing to the intending testator having forgotten his spectacles. From the date of William Jennens's death in 1798 to the present time persons have periodically laid claim to these estates. It has been announced that the Jenningses of Georgia have taken steps to prove their claims to about a third of the borough of Birmingham. It is rumored in England that "Jennens Estate Bonds" have been issued (like the bonds in the Tichborne case) by the Birmingham claimants, so there will doubtless be a collision between the rival American and English claimants before the matter is finally set at rest. Many people are worrying themselves about this case both in this country and in England, and it would certainly soothe their perturbed minds if a speedy and final decision could be obtained.

The following curious case is from a Yorkshire newspaper. Many years ago a Mr. William Swan was found dead in his bed at an obscure lodging in London. He was the only surviving male heir of the late Mr. Alderman Swan, Mayor of Hull, who left estates of the value of £20,000 per annum, or thereabouts, and which the unfortunate heir had been trying in vain for over twenty years to recover. The history of the heir is no less remarkable than that of his father, who when nine years of age, to disinherit him, was abducted from the house of his father (Richard Swan, Esq., of Benwell Hall, near Newcastle), and put on board the *New Britannia* brig; was wrecked on the rocks of Scilly with Sir Cloudesley Shovel's fleet, and was afterward taken prisoner by an Algerine vessel and sold for a slave; but after four years' imprisonment he was set at liberty by the redeeming friars. After this he was again shipwrecked, was carried and sold for a slave to a planter in South Carolina, where he suffered almost every human woe. He returned to his native home in 1726, after an absence of about twenty years, and was identified by one Mrs. Gofton, of Newcastle, his nurse, and Thomas Chance, who had been his father's footman. He directly laid claim to the estates of Alderman Swan, but having neither money nor friends living to assist him, all his efforts proved abortive. After this he settled at an obscure village, North Dalton, near Hull, where he married one Jane Cole, by whom he had one son, the above unfortunate William Swan. He afterward died of a broken heart, at the above village, 1735.

This unfortunate case involved one broken heart. How many have resulted from the Jennings case it would be difficult to compute. Indeed, it is more likely that the heirs will all die of old age, as the estates are now reputed to be worth eight millions sterling, and it is not at all probable that agitation and litigation will speedily cease. Nor is it among the possibilities that John Bull will say to Brother Jonathan, "Take the borough of Birmingham, my son; depart in peace, and my blessing go with you."

BLACK VESPERS.

On October 26, 1623, Blackfriars was the scene of a calamity which has come down to us under the name of the Black Vespers, or Dismal Evensong. Three hundred persons, English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, chiefly Catholics, with a sprinkling of Protestants, had assembled at the house of the French ambassador, Count de Tillier, in Blackfriars, for sermon and service, not in the chapel of the Embassy, but in a chamber occupied by one Father Redyate, a room sixty feet by twenty feet, on the third floor from the ground, substantially built of brick and mortar. Father Drury, a member of a good Norfolk family, and, although a Jesuit, much respected by unprejudiced Protestants, was to be the preacher. A presentiment seems to have shadowed his mind. Although of a lively disposition, he had sat sad and silent all the day before. To the last he had wished to be excused, but was persuaded by his friends to keep his appointment. When he reached the room, a gentlewoman warned him that she did not think it safe, but then it was too late to retract. Clad, according to the custom of his order, in a surplice with a linen girdle, and having on his head a red cap with a white one under it, the father proceeded to a raised chair in the middle of the room, crossed himself, offered silent prayer, and then took his text from the Gospel for the day, Matthew, xviii., emphasizing in particular the last part of the passage he had selected—"I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant?" Protestantism he in some way made out to be the wicked servant. So he was proceeding when, in the midst of his sermon, at 4 P.M., the floor gave way, and crashed, with the bulk of the congregation, through that of the room beneath, down to the ground. A few persons, some twenty or thirty, remained on fragments of the floor which still clung to the walls, "lifting up their hands for help, and beating their breasts for life." Eventually they cut their way through the lath and plaster partition which divided them from another room in the ambassador's house. At the sound of the crash a crowd suddenly assembled—some coming simply to stare, others with spade and pickaxe to assist. All night, by the light of lanterns and torches, and part of next day, the work of exhumation went on. Ninety-nine corpses were dug out; among them those of Father Drury and his friend Father Redyate. As the news spread that such a one and such another was dead, mourners went about the streets bewailing their bereavement. Having first shut up Ludgate, and doubled the guards to keep out the crowd, the Recorder and the sheriffs met at the Embassy to view the place, and a coroner's inquest was held. The verdict they brought in was "accidental death," but rabid Romanists attributed the catastrophe to Protestant conspirators, while rabid Protestants, again, cried, "God's judgment on the idolaters!" For some time afterward the priests in Roman Catholic places of worship in England used, after the benediction, to call for three Paternosters and three Ave Marias "for those who died at Blackfriars."

AN INN IN JAPAN.

The certainty of having a pleasant resting-place after the toil and trouble of the day is one of the charms of pedestrianism in Japan. The "Pied Bulls" and "Red Lions" of English highways make no pretense whatever to any thing beyond the mere satisfying of the animal wants. How very different is it in Japan! From the moment the threshold is crossed to the moment of departure the visitor is the object of unceasing solicitude on the part of every one connected with the establishment, from highest to lowest. If it is mid-day, and he has arrived hot, dusty, and a little tired, after a long morning's tramp, the whole force of the establishment ushers the visitor into a pretty, light apartment, looking on to one of those marvellous miniature gardens in which, covering a space of a few feet, the mountains, woods, rivers, and floods of an entire province are represented. By one neatly dressed, pleasant-looking damsel his boots are taken off and his feet bathed in hot water; a second fans him and keeps up a voluble patter of conversation; a third on her knees offers him refreshing tea and sweetmeats; while the host himself, with another detachment of waitresses, is helping the coolies to unpack the box containing the European food. Every thing that meets the eye is contrived to please it. There are vases with flowers dotted about; from the wood-work outside are suspended gayly colored lanterns, or festoons of glass through which the wind makes a soothing music, so that by the time the traveller has finished his repast, has smoked a pipe, and perhaps drunk a cup of "Saki" with the host, he feels thoroughly refreshed and in capital humor to resume his journey. All this enjoyment is procured at a merely nominal cost, and the present of some bread or European liquor to the house at leaving brings out the whole establishment, who say "Sayonara"—that is, "Good-by"—with their foreheads on the mats.

JEWELS OF THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Scotland, some years since, the Jewels of the Crown were locked in a box, that box in another, and so on, until they were supposed to be burglar-proof. They were then locked up in the vault of the castle, there to remain for one hundred years—the keys being placed in a mortar and fired into the sea. Scarce fifty years passed by, and the modern lock-picker opens the vault and boxes without trouble. So the science of medicine, when studied with the aid of chemistry and the microscope, becomes plain and simple, and diseases that were regarded as incurable a generation ago now readily yield to remedies employed by the modern and progressive physician. A decade of years since, and women were taught to believe that their peculiar diseases and weaknesses were incurable; but now hundreds and thousands of once bed-ridden women in the United States will testify to the fact that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has effected their perfect and permanent cure.

Toledo, Ohio, *Dec. 6th*, 1876.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir:—About five years since my wife was taken sick, and though we employed the best physicians in the city, yet she gradually grew worse, so that she was confined to the bed. Every remedy I had tried, or could find, failed to cure, or even give relief. At last I procured a bottle of your Favorite Prescription, and, to my surprise, it gave almost instant relief, and with a little perseverance an entire cure was effected.

Ever gratefully yours,

—[*Com.*] Geo. Bodenmiller.

CATARRH AND DR. T. P. CHILDS.

It is now nearly eight years since Dr. Childs first made public his *Catarrh Cure*. It was in a small modest announcement to the effect that *Catarrh was a curable disease.*

The large two-column advertisement in this issue contains matter which will be found interesting to all who are in any way afflicted with Catarrh.

Dr. T. P. Childs gives a very strong description of the disease. The number and character of the certificates, as well as the favorable notices from well-known publishers, who have carefully examined the subject, must dispel every doubt in regard to the reliability of Dr. Childs.—[*Com.*]

Asthma.—Thousands of the worst cases of Asthma have been relieved by using *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy*. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give relief.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

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T. P. CHILDS—*Dear Sir:* I should have written to you long ago, to let you know what a great medicine your "Catarrh Specific" is. My daughter is cured. L. P. JAMES.
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[From Correspondence *Journal and Messenger*, Cincinnati.]

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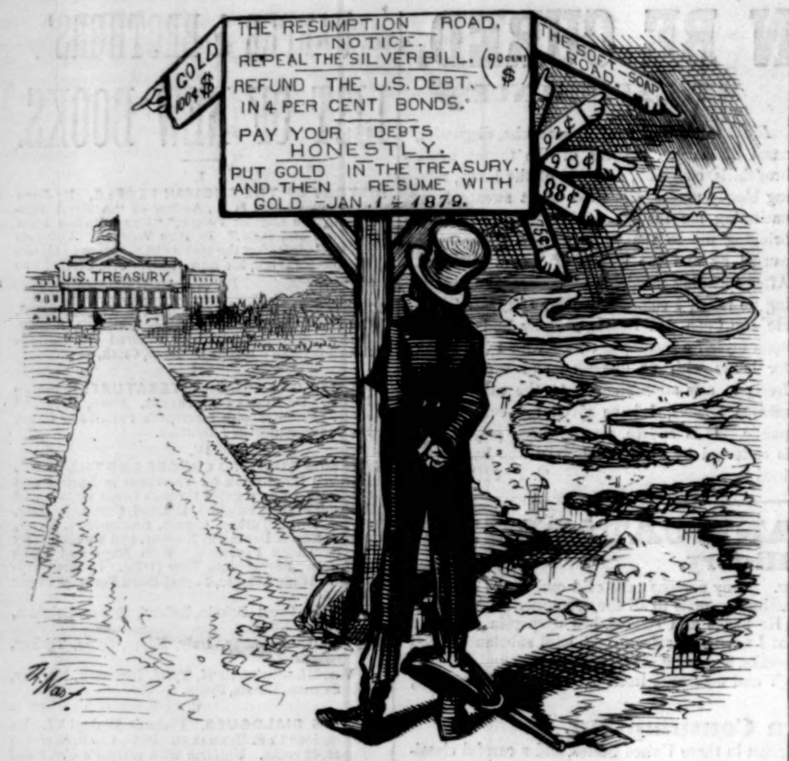

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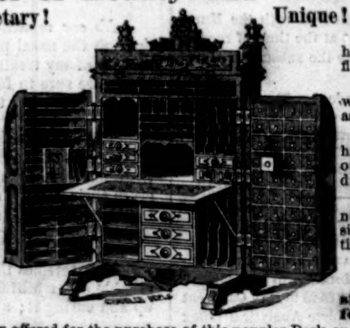

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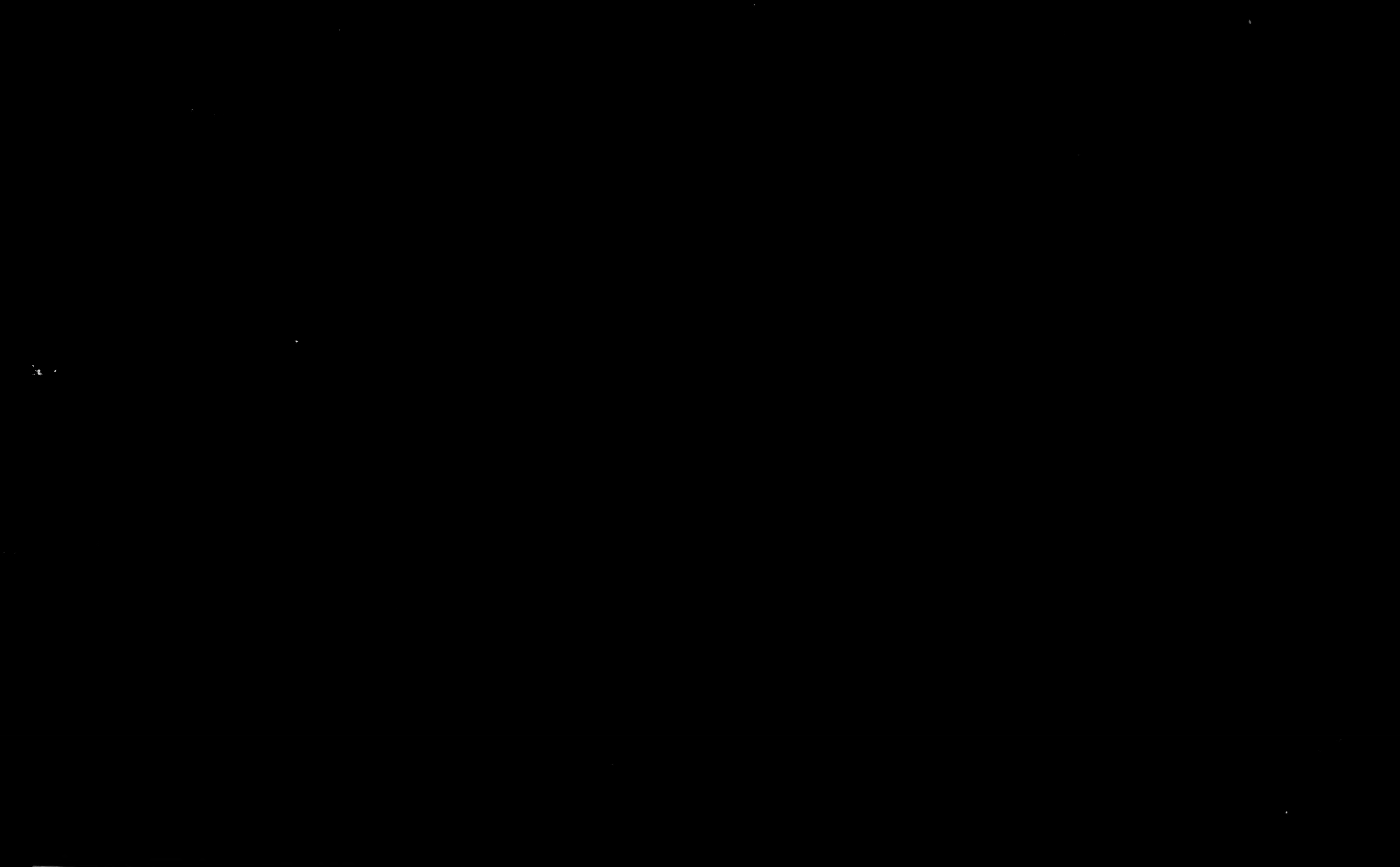
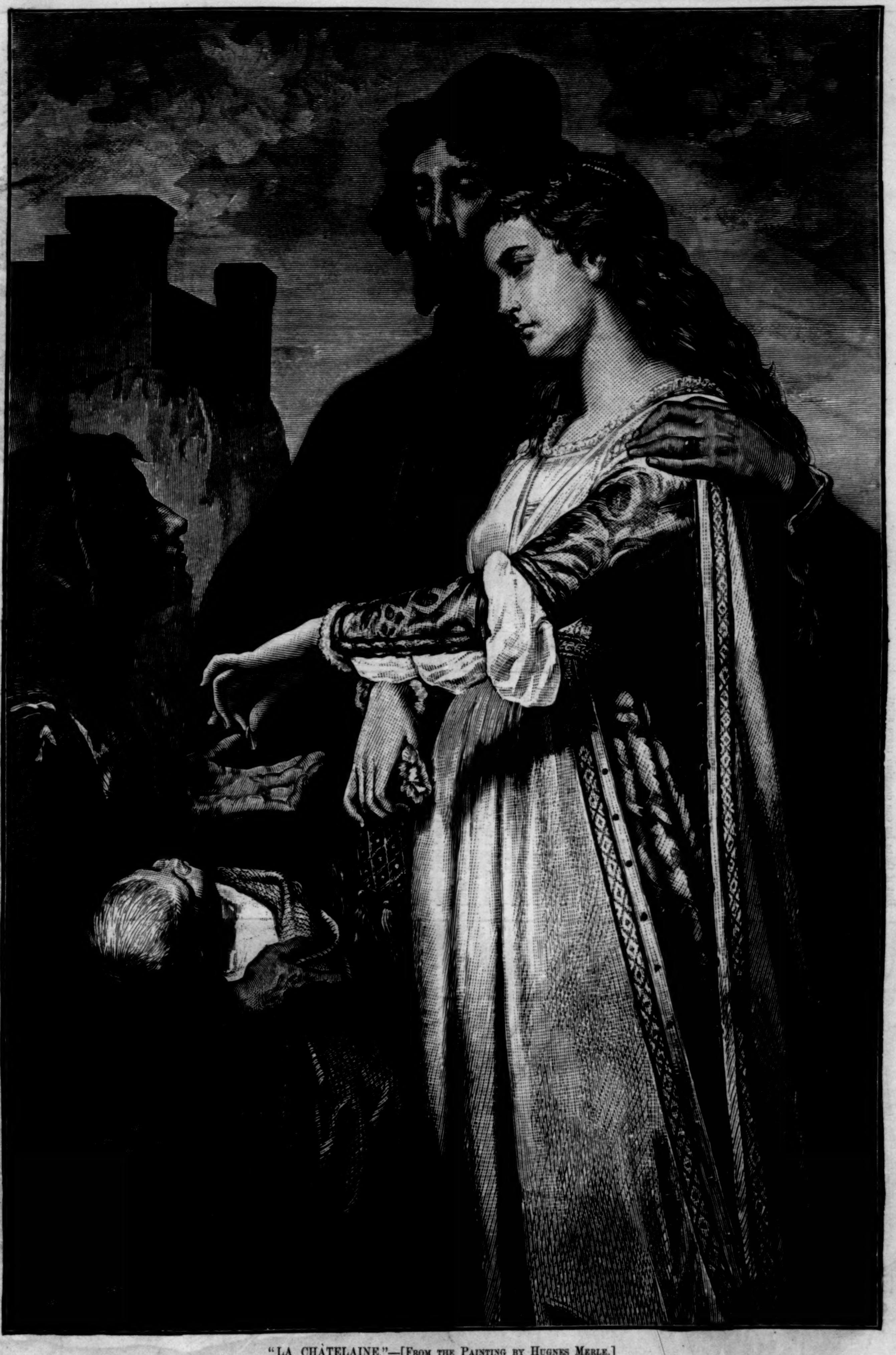


VIEW IN SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK



"LA CHÂTELAINE."—[FROM THE PAINTING BY HUGNES MERLE.]

"LA CHÂTELAINE."

THE above beautiful engraving represents almsgiving in the olden time. The structure of French society, like that of English, was in the beginning essentially feudal in character. The châtelain, for which we have only the equivalent of castellan, lived in a strong castle upon his own estates, where he reigned like a small sovereign. Not only was he the ruler, but also the father, of his people. In case of attack they rallied about him as about a chieftain, and when misfortune attacked them they were his peculiar care. In this respect the institutions of a rude and semi-barbarous age excelled our own. There was a tender relationship existing between the rich and poor which is almost wholly wanting in the present arrangement of our social system. England alone, with her immense hereditary estates, preserved intact by the questionable expedient of the law of primogeniture, presents any parallel to the mutual support and dependence of one class upon another which marked the earlier conditions of society.

The more class distinctions are broken down and ignored, the less, apparently, does one class know or care about another. The right of all men to be considered free and equal can not but do away in some measure with the doctrine that *noblesse oblige*, for where there is perfect equality there can be no obligation. In our own age the poor, which exist as numerously as ever they did, are comparative strangers to us. They are no longer familiar friends and acquaintances to be cared for out of our store, if so be we have it; they are "our pauper population," and a "problem." In place of a few dependents, needy, but possessing all the instincts and wants of humanity, to whom some fair châtelaine delights to minister, there are large masses of helpless and unfortunate beings to be fed in soup-houses and gathered into "institutions," but with whom society has no personal and individual acquaintance and sympathy.

THE CAFFRE WAR.

WHATEVER interest is felt in the continent of Africa, it is so manifestly directed toward the exploration of the interior, that if it had not been for the recent disturbances in British Caffraria the existence of such a colony might almost have been forgotten. For the benefit, therefore, of our readers who, in following the course of STANLEY and his predecessors, have become oblivious of the political divisions of certain districts on the coast, we will say that in South Africa, between the Great Kei (river), the White Kei, the Keiskamma, and Indian Ocean, there is now a district, wrested from the Caffres by the Cape colonists in 1846, which for a time formed the independent colony of British Caffraria, but was finally included under the jurisdiction of the English authorities at the Cape.

There is nothing more puzzling in South Africa than the genealogy and nomenclature of the Caffre tribes. In the first place, the different authors who have undertaken to deal with the subject differ much as to what is a Caffre. In one volume, entitled *Caffre Laws and Customs*, written by various hands, and published in 1858 by Col-

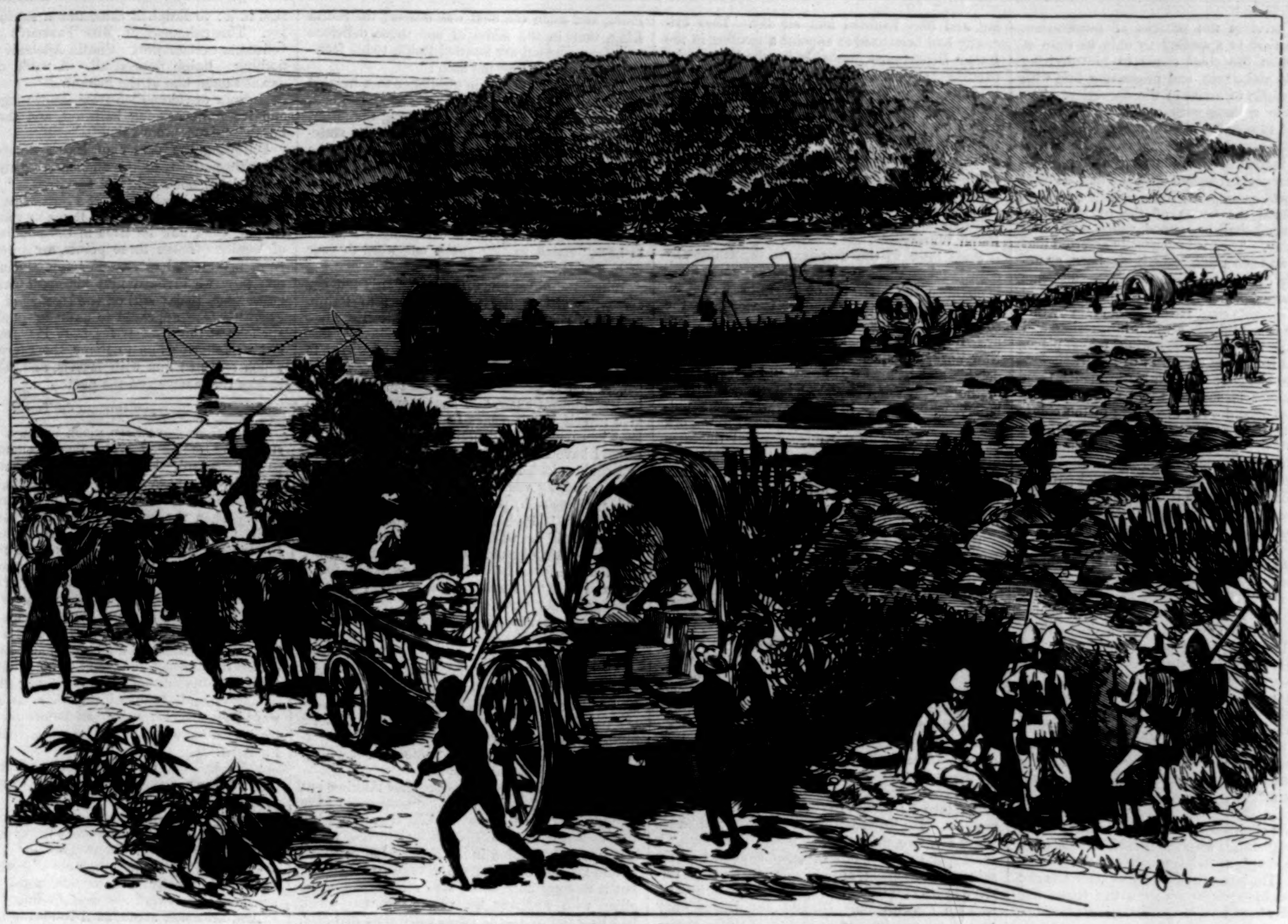
THE CAFFRE WAR—A GALEKA CHIEFTAIN.

onel MACLEAN, who was the Governor of British Caffraria, we are told that the general designation of Caffraria has been given to the whole district extending from the Great Fish River to Delagoa Bay. This would include all Natal and all Zululand. But if there be one doctrine more stoutly enunciated in and about Natal than another, it is that the Zulus and the Caffres are different peoples. The same passage, however, goes on to say that, properly speaking, that territory only should be included which is occupied by the Amaxosa and Abatembu tribes, the Amamponds and the Amazulu being different. These names, all of which have a decided resemblance, when divested of their first two syllables, as is the custom, become distinctive. The Amam Pondos, so called from PONDO, a former chief, are familiarly called Pondos. The Aba Tembus, from TEMBU, a chief some thirteen or fourteen removes back from the present head of the tribe, are Tembus. They have also been named Tambookies—an appellation which they themselves do not acknowledge, but which has become common in all Caffre chronicles. The Amaxosa, who among the Caffres are certainly the great people of all, are in the same way Xosas, from XOSA, a chief eleven removes back from KRELI, the present ruler. But these Xosas, having been divided, have taken other names, among which the two principal are the Galekas (of which KRELI is king), from GALEKA, KRELI'S great-grandfather, and the Gaikas (of which SANDILLI is chief), from GAIKA, SANDILLI'S father. The Fingoes, another important tribe occupying a part of the same district, apparently have no connection with the Caffres except as having been conquered by them. So far as we can learn, the Fingoes were originally inhabitants of some portion of the country now called Natal, and were driven down among the Galekas by CHAKA, the great king of the Zulus. Here they were absolutely enslaved, and in the time of HINTSA, the father of KRELI, were called the "Caffre's dogs," dog being the signification of the term Fingo. At present, however, the Fingoes are a loyal and partly civilized people under British rule.

When seen upon his native heath the Caffre does not compare unfavorably with other African savages. Indeed, among Caffre customs there are some that might elicit approbation in certain civilized communities. Murder, for instance, is punished by fine, which is of the same amount, no matter what the circumstances attending the deed may be. The law makes no difference between premeditated and unpremeditated murder, the injury done being considered rather than the criminality of the doer. All theft is punished by a fine of cattle, the fine being moderated if the stolen property be recovered. If a chief has been robbed, a general confiscation of every thing is the usual result of detection; neither can a chief be prosecuted for theft by one of his own tribe. Again, the children of chiefs are permitted to steal from people of their own tribe, and no action can be brought against them. Should one be taken in the act of stealing and be whipped or beaten by the outraged victim, the whole property of the latter may be confiscated by the chief. There was a tribe in existence some years ago in which there were so many royal offshoots that not a garden or a head of cattle was safe. Finally a general appeal was made to the paramount chief, and he decided that in the future the privilege should be confined to his own immediate family.

The matrimonial customs of the Caffres

THE CAFFRE WAR—A FINGO SENTINEL.



THE CAFFRE WAR—COMMISSARIAT AND AMMUNITION WAGONS CROSSING KEI RIVER.

are also peculiarly their own. A Caffre always buys his wife, giving a certain number of cattle for her, according as may be agreed upon by himself and the lady's father. Polygamy being allowed, the number of wives naturally depends upon the wealth of the individual—property among the Caffres always taking the form of cattle. Should a man desire to repudiate his wife, and can he show good grounds for doing so, he is able to recover all that she cost him. Should he die without children, the cattle given for her may also be claimed by his heirs. Indeed, the whereabouts and possession of the cattle is a point that never ceases to be under consideration in Caffre marriages. Should only one child have been born when the man dies, and the woman be still young and marriageable, a part of the cattle may be recovered. There is no system of divorce, but separation or repudiation of a wife is a common occurrence. A wife also often leaves her husband through ill usage or from jealousy, in which case the cattle remain with the husband, and if not as yet paid in full, can be recovered. Indeed, not only the original cattle, but their progeny also, can be recovered; but it seldom happens that this privilege is carried out. When there is a separation between a married pair, the children belong to the father.

The Caffres are not a religious people, holding the conviction that if the world was originally made by a supreme Deity, He has long since ceased to exist; but they have many curious superstitions, among which the belief in "witch doctors" and rain-makers is not the least remarkable. Witch doctors are resorted to on various occasions, as, for instance, when a desire exists in a kraal, or family village, to find out who is tormenting the community by making some member or members of it ill; or they may be consulted by some chief who has a desire to get rid of a political enemy, or even to obtain the property of some wealthy subject. In either case a priest is called in who with many absurd ceremonies goes about the work of "smelling out" or discovering a victim, whom, of course, he has selected before the rites begin. After much howling and beating of drums he names the unfortunate one, who is immediately seized and tormented almost to death, and at last forced in self-defense to own to some sort of witchcraft. His property is then confiscated by the chief, and, provided that he is a person of little importance, he is then permitted to go free, impoverished and perhaps crippled, but purified of the evil spirit which was supposed to possess him. If, however, the victim is very wealthy or has considerable political influence,

THE CAFFRE WAR—TEMBUS LEAVING FORT BOWKER ON PATROL.

he rarely survives the process of purification. The rain-maker is appealed to only in time of drought, when the chief sends to him desiring that he will make rain, and presenting him with a head of cattle to assist in the operation. The profession is a dangerous one, however, as the chief is apt to sacrifice the rain-maker himself if the rain is postponed too long. Occasionally it taxes the ingenuity of the latter considerably to produce acceptable excuses until the desired flood shall be forth-coming. It is not usually expected, however, until the bones of the ox which has been sacrificed shall be burned, which may be on the third day. Then it is generally asserted that the beast was not a fine enough specimen, or unfortunately of an unacceptable color, and some delay is occasioned by the procuring a second and more suitable ox. If there is no rain by this time there is manifestly a witch interfering, and the operation of witch-doctoring takes place. But should it not come soon after the witch-doctor's victim has gone through his torments, then the rain-maker is supposed to be an impostor, and he is at once drowned by order of the chief. Mr. WARNER, from whose accounts these facts were obtained, says that the rain-maker was not usually a long-lived man.

The dispositions of the Caffres are not particularly warlike, though the tribes often have much trouble among themselves. According to ANTHONY TROLLOPE, the war which is now causing so much annoyance to the English colonists in Caffraria began by a quarrel between the Galekas and the Fingoes. There was a beer-drinking on the occasion of a Fingo wedding, to which certain Galekas had been invited. The guests misbehaved themselves, and the Fingoes drove them away. "But," says the popular novelist, "the Fingoes, as being British subjects, were not empowered to conduct a war upon their own account. It was necessary that we should fight for them or that there should be no fighting. The Galekas were armed, as they might arm themselves, or should be able, while the Fingoes could only possess such arms as we permitted them to use. It thus became necessary that we should defend them."

The above slight description of the Caffre tribes and their difficulties with the British colonists has been given simply as an introduction to our graphic sketches. The passage of a train of commissariat and ammunition wagons across the Great Kei River, at the boundary of Caffraria, is an instance of the natural obstacles to the movement of fully equipped military forces in that country. Along the entire course of this river, which for a length of 130 miles is fordable only at certain seasons, there is but one bridge. The crossing of the fords has very frequently been attended with fatal disasters, and many colonists have experienced narrow escapes of life or loss of property in venturing to pass these treacherous waters. With such a heavily laden train as is shown in our sketch it is an operation demanding the utmost care. Another illustration is that representing some warriors of the Tembus, a native tribe enlisted against the Galekas, mounted and equipped to sally forth on a nominal patrol from Fort Bowker—an expedition which they are but too likely to convert into a mere raid for plunder. The chieftain of this tribe, M'GANGELIZWE, having married a daughter of KRELI, the Galeka king, and afterward murdered her, there is deadly enmity between them, and this has caused the Tembus to serve willingly, though in an irregular and licentious manner, in the present campaign. They possess good horses of their own, but their dress and arms have not much uniformity. They are distinguished in this service by wearing a red band around the head. The Fingoes have been largely enlisted for the war now going on. A Fingo sentinel appears as one of two separate figures delineated in our engravings. The Galeka chieftain, who is represented on the same page, still carries the primitive weapons of his race, which have not yet been entirely disused; but most of the Caffres are now furnished with muskets or rifles, and have become rather more formidable than they were twenty or thirty years ago.

MEET ME IN ITALY.

RALPH WARING stood motionless in one of the temporary inlocks formed by forcing currents from the main tide of the ceaselessly flowing throng of the Centennial Exposition.

He was gazing upward, with a musing air, at a chandelier made of amber. The sunny tint of the graceful object accorded with a certain gold and white guest-chamber—an "upper-room furnished," in his imagination, for an ideal occupant, who, unfortunately for the immediate purchase of the tempting pendant of amber, was, like the room awaiting her, as yet entirely framed of

"Such stuff as dreams are made of."

While his eyes were uplifted to the chandelier the crowd around him began to sway and stir; people moved and pushed, and as the massive drift was swept once more into the tumultuous flood stream of the throng, Ralph Waring heard some one say, close at his side, and in a voice sweet and clear, with a marvellously delicious and original little ring in its feminine intonation, "Meet me in Italy."

The voice was so near him that its sentence might have been spoken to himself. But as he turned to trace the speech to the speaker, the only objects that met his gaze were the huge shoulders of an awkward giant pressing pitilessly forward, like a buffalo amid a flock of sheep. A few imploring faces were turned back to beseech desistance of this ponderous boor; but not one of these faces was young and gentle, as the owner of the voice was sure to be; and beyond them an indefinite mingling of heads precluded search.

"Meet me in Italy." The words had reached Ralph Waring's ear at ten o'clock in the morning, and they haunted him all day. They evidently had been used to appoint a meeting in the Italian Department, probably for the hour of departure. Consequently Ralph Waring, to the serious detriment of comprehensiveness in the Art Gallery, to which he had dedicated the remainder of his last day at the fair, hastened back to the Main Building as early as four o'clock in the afternoon, and remained there until six, with ears as observant as his eyes; but in vain. No one appeared in that interesting nook of "Italy" whose voice had the slightest tinge of the marvellously delicious and original ring that had enchanted Ralph Waring.

Once, later in the evening, in the frantically crowded entranceway, when gates were flung open upon the platform of the railway cars, he fancied he heard the sound, or the echo of the sound, that had taken such possession of his fancy. But, started upon the evening express for New York, and spending his time between Philadelphia and Jersey City in slow and careful study of the inmates of the almost interminable train, he met with no success in discovering the haunting incognita. By the time he reached New York there remained only the unsubstantial tingle in his brain, fainter and fainter, but still quite distinct in one of the wonderful corridors of memory, to recall the sentence that morning so real and so living, and spoken so close at his side: "Meet me in Italy."

Ralph Waring was a man of business. He allowed himself few vacations; the visit to the Exposition had been an exceptional expedition; and when, in late October, he found himself on the Hudson River day boat, with a ticket in his pocket for Albany, he felt that the day's grace was something that scarcely belonged to him.

The holiday did not result from a plan of pleasure; it was in answer to a pleading summons from a consumptive relative on the eve of a long Westward journey in search of health—a young and not very successful artist, to whom Waring, who was a generous fellow, had been a sort of patron. The summons was not so immediate as to require more haste than the boat afforded. Ralph could spend the evening with his friend, and return by early cars to his business on the morrow. He loved beautiful scenery, and cherished a native pride in the lordly Hudson. "I shall spend a few hours of quiet enjoyment," he said to himself, in anticipation of viewing the river in its rich October beauty. Beyond this he had no anticipation. He did not dream what fateful gift the day had actually in store for him—did not dream that the hour had come when he should realize the saying of his favorite author: "There are chords in the human heart—strange, varying strings—which are only struck by accident, which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch."

The morning was dazzling with soft sunshine of early autumn. The trees on the river-banks were glowing with gold and crimson. Even the gray rocks of the Palisades wore a certain burnished tinting. Waves and sky were lustrous.

After passing Indian Head, crossing the Tappaan Zee, beyond the polished hills of Irvington, and the pastoral slopes and checkered grain fields of Nyack, Ralph Waring found a place for himself on the pilot deck, where, guide-book in hand, and field-glass accurately extended, he prepared to enter with complete arc of out-look the romantic passage of the Highlands.

He did not observe at first that the boat had two state-rooms upon the pilot deck. They were, in fact, two little boudoirs, prettily furnished, and made luxurious for people who wished to enjoy both retirement and complete scope of vision. Of one of these the blinds remained closed; but the sudden opening of the windows of the other, the one nearest Ralph, arrested his attention. At the window stood a young and, as he thought at first glance, an extremely lovely-looking woman. Apparently unobservant of the few passengers who had brought their chairs to the pilot deck, she stood there, looking intently and rather sadly into the lake-like panorama to which the northward perspective, at the river's sudden bend in the Highlands, opens.

An extremely lovely-looking woman. This was the verdict that the second glance, precipitated by the first, unqualifiedly awarded. A young, blooming, brunette face, not strictly beautiful, but without doubt strictly pleasing—a face to inspire confidence, perhaps, more than admiration. "A woman to be trusted," Ralph Waring thought, as he looked, still unobserved, again and again. "And if she were loved, to be loved confidingly."

At last, moved by that subtle magnetism which conveys thought, the silent figure in the window changed its attitude, and turned with a direct gaze of the bright brown eyes upon Ralph Waring. A blush mounted to the roundly curved cheek, and the eyelids drooped shyly beneath his admiring gaze. A moment afterward the alluring image disappeared, and Ralph was left to the intelligent consideration of the scenery.

When the face at the window appeared again it was accompanied by another countenance, so strikingly in contrast to the youthful, glowing one that Ralph Waring involuntarily shuddered. It was the face of age, wan, pain-drawn, death-struck. The girl's arm was wound round the old man's shoulder, and she drew his head so closely to hers, that her cheek rested against his forehead. Thus they stood some time, gazing up the beautiful river, and conversing in low tones.

All the way through the wonderful pass of the Highlands Ralph was conscious of the presence near him; it blended itself in one of those delicious reveries that October days bring, with all the beauty and the romance of scenery that seems especially made to serve as background in some embodied day-dream. Even the harp and violin tremulously sympathetic from the deck below added their accord with Italian love airs.

It was some time after the landing at West Point, and when the boat was nearing the Storm King, that in the midst of one those delicious reveries, a sudden cry startled Ralph to his feet.

"Can any one give me help?"

A few moments later, in obedience to a hurried injunction, Ralph had summoned the stewardess, found a physician, and, accompanying the latter, had flown up the narrow stairway to the stateroom. There, already from the floor where he had fallen, lifted by the overnerved strength of the women, the pale, attenuate old man lay extended upon the sofa.

"Oh, father! dear father!" the girl was saying, kneeling beside him, and holding his hands in hers, "speak to me; speak one word to your little Gracie."

When the physician came and gently put her aside, the girl in her misery turned to Ralph, and, as if she had known him all her life, whispered her grief to him.

"I fear," she said, "I have done so wrong to attempt this journey all alone with dear father. Oh, do you think he will awaken from this, and be like himself again? I shall never, never forgive myself if evil comes from the daring of the long journey. I was deceived into confidence because I have been so far alone with him always, and could take all the care of him. But we have been travelling very quickly these last few days, and perhaps—oh, perhaps he was more weary than I knew! He hid it from me, and I was blind to see. And he was so anxious to reach home to-night!—his old, old home, all strange to me, but that he loves so well. He has pined for it day and night. He has spoken in his sleep of 'the good old farm-house in the hill country.' And now we are almost there—almost home, poor, dear father! At the very next landing they will be waiting for us."

All this and more, in the same strain of self-reproach and anxiety, she said to Ralph, and with frequent interruptions to bend for a moment over the pale sufferer, who slowly, under the doctor's ministrant skill, recovered consciousness, recovered speech sufficiently to say, "Do not be troubled, Gracie; I shall be stronger soon."

In the unveiling of the heart that nothing but the intensity of agonizing tenderness could have so unveiled to eyes new to her, Ralph Waring was drawn with infinite attraction to this young stranger. Something in her first appealing words to him had touched him with a vague recollection, but it was not until many days afterward that he allied with certainty her voice with that which had haunted him—the sweet voice that had said, one morning at the World's Fair, so closely at his side that it seemed meant for him, "Meet me in Italy."

The time appeared but a few minutes to Ralph—and yet in one sense those minutes were eternal—from the instant that "Gracie" called to him, "Can any one give me help?" and the moment, confused and anxious, and on the part of Grace entirely rapt in one consideration, when the landing was reached, and the almost dying man was conveyed down the stairways and across the thronged deck to the pier where his friends awaited him.

Simple country-folk they were, as Ralph observed, and full of kindness. And the physician was persuaded to go with them to the farm, several miles from the landing. Ralph longed to go there too, but had no excuse for intruding, and then in unrelenting haste the boat was starting, and he had no time for a word. He knew no address, so hurried were they—no name excepting Grace. She knew not even his name. And so they parted.

Once, as he stood with yearning looks watching the farm wagon from the now barred gangway, she turned and gave him a farewell glance. Was it regretful or only grateful? And she waved her hand, or he thought she waved her hand, to him, as the great branches of forest trees interposed between the upland road and the river. The glance he was sure of, and, however analyzed, it certainly said something kind and sweet and exquisitely precious to him. He remembered it fondly afterward, when, amid busy events that followed, he was unable to trace, as he had intended, the clew of locality given by the landing and by her descriptive words of "the good old farm-house in the hill country," and find her.

He remembered it fondly through days following, when in his imagination he drew her near to him, while in reality she remained distant and intangible, as her own haunting sentence: "Meet me in Italy."

"DEAR RALPH,—You remember I promised to let you know when the last rehearsal of Liszt's *Tasso* would be given. It is to-day. And I ought to have sent word last evening, but I trust I am not too late; and you will be able to break away from business and join us at the Philharmonic, box 'Piccolomini.' Don't fail. I am sure you will enjoy the music; and then I have—well, never mind. Just *come*. In haste.

"COUSIN ADELAIDE."

This note reached Ralph Waring late on one of the Philharmonic Fridays. He threw it aside carelessly, and but for an unusual allowance of leisure would not have thought to obey its tardy summons. But he found himself unexpectedly near the Academy, not so much beyond the opening time of the rehearsal but that there was a chance to hear the *Tasso*, and he turned impulsively from the thoroughfare toward the music hall. The last strains of the last preluding selection had just sounded as he entered box "Piccolomini," and Cousin Adelaide presented him to a young lady in deep mourning, who, withdrawn into shadow, occupied one of the inner chairs of the box—Miss Grace Farman.

This young lady gave Ralph her hand, and as their eyes met a sound escaped her lips—a sound not louder than a sigh, but with no quality of a sigh in it: to Ralph it came like a subtle cry of joy. The calmness of Miss Farman's manner veiled her exclamation. Cousin Adelaide noticed nothing. Ralph noticed all. A world of hope dawned upon him at the instant.

Murmur of voices died from the thronged tiers and from the echoing hallways, and the music began—"Lamento e Triomfo."

Following the career of Italy's beloved poet along the pathway of love and suffering and glory, came the music's ethereal footsteps. "Tasso," said the translated words of Franz Liszt, "loved and suffered at Ferrara. In Rome he was crowned, and even now he lives in the popular songs of Venice. These three points are inseparable from his eternal glory. For reproducing them musically we invoked first his great shadow as he wanders to-day still on the lagoons of Venice. Then his face appeared to us haughty and melancholic at the princely feasts of Ferrara, and at last we followed him to Rome, the Eternal City, which crowned him with laurels, and celebrated in him the martyr and the poet—

"'Le triomphe funebre du Tasso.'"

Could there have been given in music a more suggestive epitome? The tender emotion, the passionate aspiration, the pang of joy, the exultation of pain, those contrasts of existence, those conflicts that ended for Tasso in the triumphal calm. Then the imagery of the procession; the night made day with myriad lights; the silent form robed and crowned; the sacred march of religious orders; the eager gazers; the throng of mourners; the endearment denial of pitiless, repentant Fame. And, in the midst of all, the music itself; and in the midst of the music those wonderful descending chords, like the mystic stairways of Beethoven's Symphonies, only more deliberate, and not ending like those, but arising from the abyss in hope and peace and glory.

Such silence followed the *Tasso* as must always follow such music; but before the orchestra was audible again conversation found place for itself.

"Gracie," said Cousin Adelaide, affectionately, "Mr. Waring is the friend of mine whom I like to have with me when I listen to music. Our relationship seems to reside in that particular house of life. I forget him sometimes in the hurry and noise. But I never forget him—do I, Ralph? even though 'better late than never'—when there is something really delicious to be heard. We are cousins by the ears," she said, smiling.

And presently again, as if following a train of thought awakened by her own remark, Cousin Adelaide broke in upon some brief interchange of talk between the young people such as: "Did you dream that day on the Hudson that we should ever meet again?" and, "You do not know all that has happened since then," and, "Yes, I do know; I believe I know every thing that has happened to you." "By intuition?" "Yes, by the special intuition of—"

And here, as Ralph was searching for a word that should do as language must be made to do, "conceal thought," and wrap in some decorous conventionalism the word that surged to his utterance, the word "Love," Cousin Adelaide broke in:

"I think sometimes that we can not meet our special friends excepting in special places. If we meet them elsewhere, it is not really *meeting*. I believe in 'cities of the soul,' in countries of sympathetic birth-place. Ralph and I, in the nativity of our friendship, meet in Italy."

Ralph Waring actually trembled for a moment with superstitious surprise. He spoke, however, calmly, and almost coldly, so far as tone of voice went, in answer:

"Then, Adelaide, you will be my priestess or my good angel probably, close at my side when I meet my fate. For I have a belief that when that hour of destiny arrives I shall be found answering some momentous summons of, "Meet me in Italy."

Grace Farman was of course perfectly unconscious of the hidden meaning of these words, but she was too young, too fresh, too naturally sympathetic, to be unconscious of the tremulous accent which in the last sentence conveyed sentiment, and to be unmoved by the searching, sweet, and lingering glance at herself—altogether at and for herself—that accompanied it.

She answered him, blushing and radiant, and in her girlish embarrassment, not knowing what she said, "And are we in Italy to-day?"

"I think we are," said Ralph Waring.

Time is measured by events, and Ralph Waring had already passed the first transitions of love—the awakening, the compelling. He knew that day, as he accompanied Cousin Adelaide and her friend Grace to their home, not far from the Academy of Music, and promised soon to call, that he had met the "ideal occupant" of his heart's guest-chamber, and that he should find no other woman in all his life who could be so dear to him as "Gracie."

Spring and summer were given to courtship, and in September Ralph Waring and Grace Farman were married. Their wedding tour to Niagara led them once again up the Hudson River, and the two faces that near together looked out from the pilot deck boudoir windows upon the wonderful pass of the Highlands were not in painful contrast, young and old, but both young and glowing with the sunny fires of hope and love that in their reflection make the sceneries of earth something *more* than beautiful.

Still in their honey-moon they have the promise for prolonged happiness; for all that is best and highest in the natures of both is in true harmony. If they are wearied or fretted by the anxieties and perplexities of life, they can always fly for brief rest and renewed energy to those cities of the soul, those happy lands of meeting, that tinge the present with faith and romance, and give foretaste, perhaps, of the immortal future.

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